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H96m

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS

AND

LOVE SONGS,

EXPRESSIVE OF

PLEASURE AND ENTERTAINMENT.

BY T. HUTCHINSON.

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfarhom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY.

Carlisle:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AT THE OFFICE OF JAMES STEEL,
ENGLISH STREET.

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TO THE READER.

In writing my prefatory introduction to these miscellaneous pieces, it will be necessary for me to make a few observations, before resigning them to the reader, in order that he may be a little acquainted with the means and circumstances of the Author.

Perhaps these pieces would never have been composed, or offered to the perusal of the public, if I had not, through a painful and distressing accident, been deprived of the use of my limbs. Though, by this unforeseen misfortune, I was dragged from this world of pleasures—parted from the dearest of friends, and loaded with sorrws and pains, too dreary for recital; I yet have sometimes found a pleasing hour in dwelling upon the peculiar hardships of my situation. Doomed to be deprived of my liberty and happiness, and distressed with pecuniary embarrassments, I have wished to rise with fortitude, and combat with vigour, the hand of gloomy and fearful destination. Part of these are the compositions of my desponding Muse, and as such will be adapted to the hearts of sorrowing misfortune. On the other hand, such as have been inspired by the fair hand, or the pleasing eye, will be found to abound in love and jollity, and as such will, I trust, advance the pleasures of the gay and merry. In presenting these to the public, I must beg their indulgence for any faults that may occur, owing to the unfortunate situation in which they have been delineated and composed.

Hoping that you will find sentiments of love and amusement in the compositions of my humble Muse, I will leave them in your hands to abide by the ordeal of your decision.

T. HUTCHINSON.

Feb. 5, 1842.

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POEMS.

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF AUGUST.

Now rise, rise, sportsmen, now 'tis load your pieces,
Now's the day, and now your cumberance ceases;
Now's the hour, so rise, make haste, be ready,
Your eyes be quick—your hands and arms be steady,
The covey lies—the sun shines hot, you spy
His globe ascending o'er the moorlands high,
Makes the poor cock all on the bent lie gaping,
Thoughtless of the time that's now escaping,
Little dreads he, of the wrath and fury,
That he be slain, and neither judge nor jury,
Ask'd the sentence—or his life to spare
That he may breathe the free accepted air.

Now's the sport—the dogs they skiff the hill,
The breaks and mosses searching at their will;
The sportsman follows—bent on further gain.
Some there are falling—others o'er the plain,
Till all are rous'd and many of them slain.

The dropping lead is flying now in showers,
The roaring gun so quick the volley pours,
Till stunn'd the ear at every roaring thud,
Far from the moor it echoes through the wood,
And warns the covey basking on the brea,
To guard the sportsman and his dogs a wee.

Some royal sportsman, born of noble fame,
Free as the ocean, range the hills for game;
Some by the paying of a sum 'tis true,
May range the common by the owner's view;

But others take the season at free-will,
Range where they will, yet they are freemen still;
O'er hills, o'er dales, travelling as a ranger,
Lawless men—braving every danger,
Like the fox, that's bred in every part,
A cultivation of the feigned art;
He takes but what he really thinks his share,
The cock, the pheasant, and the nimble hare;
Of them he lavishes in times a store,
Sometimes many, and 'tis sometimes more;
Sometimes driven to the thicket scarr'd
And from all venison completely barr'd;
Then forced temperance is the reward.

How many guns this day will practice death!
Brace after brace will shiver at her breath;
How many men will climb the rising plain!
Some for fun, some for greedy gain;
Some for riot round the boundry stride,
Noblemen for ease on horse-back ride,
Keepers strut, like men of fashion, see,
They'd scowl to look on a poor fool like me;
But they're o'er run though masters of the moor;
And know it not, with many a sturdy boor
That knows no other, but to go and see
O'er heath, and hill, the bonny moor-cock flee,
And blows them up with many a thump and thud,
Till got their bounty off they merrily scud.

But you, dear reader—do not think it strange,
If you across the moor should deign to range,
To shoot the bonny moorland cock, or hare,
That skips so bonny o'er the benty glare;
Keep far frae ———, he lives o'er the hill,
He'll view you nicely through his "keeking-mill,"
And if he see you, though a mile it be,
He'll sware before the Justice you were he,
And solemnly protest he saw you fire,
The game did fall, and you did quick retire.

Full many a scamper he's rewarded thus;
And kiss'd the book with many a blustering fuss,
Till them who sat as judges o'er the deed
Cry'd "hold him fast, we'll shave his raving *head*—
"His ears we'll root—the perjured man is mad,
"To say and swear what he hath never had;

"Drive him out beyond the doors,—I swear
"If he comes back, leave it to my care,—
"I'll crop the rascal if he vents again,
"His falsities by way in any strain,
"That a poor harmless, honest, feeling man,
"Can't have his freedom or his right of han',
"But such a blustering, rustic, haggard bane,
"May defame honesty and reap the gain;
"Such lowless men—if it may be, I say,
"Though hunting venison from day to day;
"Or taking off the flying fowl to kill,
"The *nobles'* property, and sporting will.
"Against the law it surely is a shame
"To pawn our honesty, for lack of gain;
"But perjur'd conscience is a stain below
"The independance of a British *law;*
"But for the future, may our house be clear
"Of all such blustering, reviling gear."

The day's now creeping, red's the western sky,
O'er Jillen bridge the sun begins to hie;
The sportsmen now, begin to leave the hill
To take a flying random, at their will;
Through glens, and hollows, homeward range their dogs
And leave behind the weary hills and bogs.
Till eas'd their frames, their appetites be stor'd,
With tender venison to spread the board.
But others weary homeward bend with speed,
While peeping star light hide from further dread,
To sell their game—a purchaser to try,
When sold, how soon they pad the corner by,
To quench their hunger, taste the flowing beer,—
The sport and merriment, how soon is there;
A friendly "crack,"—whose dogs can road and stand,
Fall at the fire—rise at the command—
Search the breaks to find the wounded game,—
Who took the scent when furthest from the same.
From less to more, the arguments arise,
Sometimes C——g,—laughing at surprise;—
Dancing, singing, all at once you'll see,
Round, and round, this jovial company;
Careless of the last remaining gains;
Noble in his promise and his pains;
Valiant on the moor you'll find this soul,
That loves his freedom, and his social bowl.

So thus doth end the sporting of the day;
Noble hunting, chasing time away.
Long may each sporter of the moor to-day,
Shoot long the shot of pleasing life's array;
May time be kill'd with neither bond nor brace;
May freedom fill the vacancy of space,
Till man be tired of his hunting score,
Years, months, weeks, and days, to mind no more.

A DREAM.

What bothering thoughts, and rhyming rags.
Long feather'd flights, and musty bags,
Flash fast, and fast, like lightning's streams,
Succeeding fast, and fast, it seems,
Till, down the sleepy god descends,
And o'er me soft and low he bends,
The toilsome movements of the day,
With currents soft are swept away,
And all convulsive movements seem
Now soften'd in a pleasing dream.

The sun was fled far o'er the hill,
The wind blew through the window sill,
And whistled with an eery tune,
The long lost days of bonny June.
I stay'd my breath, and listening paus'd,
The blind was drawn,—the window clos'd—
All silent seem'd—no living breath—
Yea, all was silent now as death.
The clock tick'd sadly, deep, and low,
And time seem'd moving on but slow,
An eery darkness round was spread,
All objects pleasing then were fled.
My eyes I turn'd to view the fire,
The gaseous flame seem'd to retire,
A pleasing sleep now clos'd my eyes,
And all was beauty in the skies.
A gilded coach stood waiting near;
I mounted, and the day was clear,
The gallant steeds, all lily white,
Were four in number,—harness'd tight,
The wheels they rattl'd fast around,
And soft I thought the whirling sound;
The driver fast held by the rein.

The horses darted through the scene,
O'er hills, o'er dales, through woods and wilds,
Regardless of all measured miles.
All in the van a chariot flew,
But on a pleasing place it drew;
We, like the foremost, staid our stroke,
And loosed our horses from the yoke.
Now all around I gazed to see,—
A Paradise it seemed to be.
Vast flowers and fruits, of every kind,
Breath'd sweetly in the whispering wind:
I, panting curious for to see—
The stranger paus'd beneath a tree;
A maiden fairer, soft, or mild,
Ne'er wore the garb of beauty's child;
A maiden blush rose on her cheek,
Her little breasts heaved soft and meek;
Her eyes half fixed upon the ground;
Her light-brown tresses dangled round,
O'er her soft neck,—a snow white skin,
That pictur'd beauty hid within.
Her form was comely, tall, and tight,
Her gown was of the lily-white;
A silken scarf of comely taste
Was roll'd around her tapering waist:
She rais'd her eyes o' bonny blue,
And o'er her head a shawl she drew;
Unconscious, backward stepp'd a pace,
With a mien sweet, and comely grace;
Her foot I saw, more neat and clean
In silken sandals ne'er was seen,
I bowed low—the angel staid,
Such sweet perfection in a maid;—
She whispered soft—"I see, I see,
Right o'er yon stately cypress tree;
The poisonous wind—a misty hue—
Oh, help! oh, help! the sky is blue!
The whispering wind begins to rise;
The poisonous mist o'erspreads the skies;
It comes, it comes," she lowly said;—
I caught the falling beauteous maid;
She fainting seem'd—all life and breath
Seemed changed to the figure of death;
I kiss'd her cheek,—a pale white rose,
Seem'd blasted by the winter snows,
She seem'd to breathe,—I straightway laid
Her softly in the cooling shade.

The blast of death roll'd past in showers,
I clos'd my face amongst the flowers ;
I lay scarce breathing, half inclined,
Till past us roll'd the poisonous wind—
My head I raised to take my breath,
When oh ! I saw, now clos'd in death,
Her pale white form, in the last sigh ;
One quick convulsion clos'd her eye ;
I wept in sorrow—raved in talk,
Through pain and fear I thus awoke ;—
The fire was sunk ; the flame was fled,
With aching heart I stole to bed !

TO A FELLOW-MASON.

Dear Michael,—in your trade a prince,
A greeting friend doth send you this ;
Though growling troubles oft cry whiss
Through my poor heart ;
May freedom still your fabric bliss,
And never part.

You've sent me what I like so well*
A heart to sing with double swell,
The poor bit creature aft will tell
Me in an hour,
With bonny whistle's enchanting spell,
The pleasing tour.

O when I view the harmless creature,
It reminds me of your feature,
When we two able lads together
Could made the dust,
Fly off our tools with double flutter,
Out o'er the crust.

At yon ill rush o' scabbl'd heaps,
Where pride and independence weeps,
An awful trash o' rubbish chips,
Just thrown together,
From six to six we've pegg'd our hips,
At such a bother.

---

* A Canary Bird.

——, ——, and such clan,
They envied much our sleight of han';
But could they, Mick, e'er show the man
Like thee and me,
Or draught a block in any plan
As swift as thee?

No! they could never touch thy heels
At tumbling o'er a cobble's creels,
With scabbling thumps thou gave them peels,
We' such a pith,
"Till ring the sound went o'er the fields
Like any smith."

But now, dear Mick, when back we stare
Through misty visions cross the air,
And view grim follies rocking chair,
Where thee and me
Did always think that we could spare
A wing to flee.

But oh! how soon was I bereft,
And robb'd by fate's designing theft,
The roguish rascal little left
But woes and pains,
Till o'er my shoulder stuck the haft
Of future chains.

Then guard, dear friend, the killing sting
That robs the valiant of his wing,
Misfortune draws his active string,
And o'er we flee,
A struggling, gasping, helpless thing,
"Then what are we?"

The strong, the valiant, straight, and small,
Hardy, little, swift, and tall,
They all are equal in the whole,
When fate begins
To bend his figure o'er the goal
Of future ends.

Then, dearest Michael, all I'll say,
May pleasing Fortune o'er thee play,
May Freedom glorious keep the day,
While Nature's big;
Till Time shall make our feelings aye
The parting jig.

AN ELEGY

ON THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF A FRIEND.

O Death! how could'st thou strike so quick and keen?
Thou surely wrapped in cowardice had been,
Or thou thy arrow surely ne'er had shot,
To part the thread of Ridley's feeble knot.
But thou in anger strikes with double rage,
To sting the object of a lengthen'd age;
So doom'd at once, o'er head and heels are thrown,
If once within thy raging limits known.
But Ridley, harmless to the view of man,
Could ne'er have rais'd a spot upon thy plan.
A friend to all who ask'd his aid was he;
He loved the man who loved humility!
How could'st thou, then, though grown in ag'd affairs,
Drive Ridley headlong down the ragged stairs?
Oh, what sight! crushed at once the bone
Where hatred and missence were seldom known.
Lingering then—wrapp'd in cruel pain—
Draws his limbs—strikes them out again:
O the agony!—close the dimmed eye—
Stretch out the body, and the feelings die.

Now thou'rt gone! Heaven of Heavens! receive
The harmless body we are pain'd to leave!
Mourn for him, ye neighbouring fellows, hear!
For once but drop a feeling, friendly tear,
Unto the memory of him most dear.

Pain'd I write—tears are falling fast—
Now the clods quickly in they're cast;
Clos'd for ever, there that body lies—
Time and comfort, oh! how quick it flies
Feeling friends parting from the hill,—
None to look how lies the body still,
Ne'er a darling of his frail loins to say,
"Farewell, Father! happy, happy, clay!

This vain phantom now is clos'd on thee,
When shall I embrace thy parting soul to me."
No ! there's no sorrow—wife and children's gone,
None to weep ; none to mourn alone ;
He for them hath wept, and sigh'd before,
His only daughter, the sad loss he bore,—
Weeping, sobbing, now they're yonder laid,
None there's left his flock, and stock to aid ;
Sold and driven from their well-known fold,
Cows, and horses, sheep, yea, all are sold.
His wandering footsteps by the purling Tyne,
No more shall view his flocks where woodbines twine ;
His tenor voice no more the hare shall scare,
Or drive the sheep from thorny briers afar.
No more the dangerous draught—the serpent's sting
Shall stand before thee with his fiery wing ;
Shall round thy inward senses coil its dart,
And plunge the sting of death within thy heart.
Oh, cursed beverage, could I dry thee up,
Many a life thou's drown'd within thy cup,
And many more—when will thy vengence stay ?
Not till thou's swept the human race away.
Return thou viper to thy native form,
And leave thy sting to evaporate in storm,
Till man get sober—canst thou not forgive ?
And let him be a being fit to live ;
Then quick disease would partly lose his trade,
And death might ponder o'er his rusty spade.

But now thou'rt gone, peace be unto thy clay,
Time and motion wears each thing away,
Time is swift—memory's slow to scan,
When we compare the beauties of the man,
Soon wilt thou in memory be forgotten,
Sweet's the apple that so soon is rotten,
Soon will thy goodness though so quickly shown,
Be quite forgotten as they'd ne'er been known.

THE SLUGGARD'S SUPPLICATING ADDRESS TO THE SUPREME DEITY.

(IN THE COANWOOD DIALECT.)

Oh ! thou great Creator gead !
Thou sees our helpless, ragged bread,
Thou sees our wants, our needs disery'd,
From day to day, and still deny'd ;

Thou knows what helpless meals we spare,
Our crusts, our scraps, our scanty ware,
Our broths, our pots, our gruel thin,
To raise the growlen greypen win.

Leak doon upon us, starven creatures!
Mark our wan ill-shadow'd features,
View us strickly, here thou'lt see,
What wooden skeletons we be!

Mae pear bit waef and bairns they run,
Hoaf neaked rats, bare to the sun,
They yell, and squeel o'er me, pear things,
And wag their flappen tatter'd wings,
'Twad melt the heart o' ony brute,
If yence they did but hear't and knew't.

Leak doon upon me stairen, geapen,
O'er mae chin the slaver's reapen,—
But deaf—thou hears me speaken searly,
And slants away o'er me but queerly.

Thou views the burds that o'er us flees,
Their wants and scants, thou fairly sees;
And cleads their backs wi' feathers fairly,
Snow and sleet they'll turn it rarely,
And fills their crops wi' ought that's wanting,
Till skin an birn they're fairly renting.
Beasts thou cleads wi' bristle hair,
A gud teaf skin, they need ne mair,
And o'er they range the hills and fiels,
And tread the bent wi' hardy heels,
Till fill'd their keyts at every grasp,
Their hardy tongues the girse 'ill rasp,
The sweet wi' bits they weal, and treaed,
And leave the ruff spun leaf for dead.

But we pear bodies scant o' cleading,
Some rascals say, "and fra' ill breeding,"
We lang may luik wi' watery een,
E'er we be glad, or yet be seen,
To grunt o'er plenty, fat and fair,
Wi' sleeky skins, and shining hair·
And me, pear body, short o' breath,
Seek, and stopen, layke a death,

Sometimes wake, can hardly wabble;
The dirty bairns, sec fashious rabble,
They by me run, and gies me dings,
Till through my varra head it sings;
Till faint, and leyke to fall, I stand,
And pray to those that mead the lan'
To teak me frae ill bairns, and pains,
Frae wintry storms, and sleety rains;—
But thou ne'er hears me—just luik down,
Thou'll see me somewhere—luik aroun';
An ill-ragg'd coat thou'll ken me be
A pair o' brecks scarce to the knee.
A hat wi' flappey scarcely ony,
Dun tatter'd shoon, aye, faiks they're bonny;
Hear me! hear me! for guidness hear me;
For yence, aye yence, but dinna jear me!
Send me meat and cleading fairly,
Layke other beasts, they've plenty rarely;
They've nought to dea but eat and sleep,
Fra' under deykes and hillocks creep;
But me, pear body, a weakly creature,
A skinny, deathly, ghastly feature;
How can I work mysel' to sarra,
Forby a weyfe, my varra marrow?
Five bairns, or four, na mebby mair,
To yaw, and pull their daddy's hair;
Yellin' fidgin, oh, have care;
But send me scraps o' better ware;
Luik down upon me, here thou'lt see,
The yearnest paper-body me,
Wi' scarce a house to turn the win'
Aye, just luik down thou'llt hear the din,
Of weyfe and bairns, pear things they're greetin'
Now the moulded leaven's eaten:
Luik down upon us, starvin' creatures,
Through the spar thou'll ken our features,
There the rain comes in i' showers,
Hail and snow, aye down it pours,
Light'ning flashes, cracks are dreadful,
Help, oh, help, the skinny needful!
Stop the holes up with a clout,
And bar the ill-far'd fire out.
Now dearest weyfe and bairns ye're there,
Hoaf-hunger't rats, aye kill't wi' fear;
I've pray'd, I've said, there nought appears,
Nae top-filled pwoks, or scoffing jeers,

But a's now silent as the woes,
But what there's in't naebody knows;
But weyfe and bairns I'll tell you what,
There's a guid parish, faith there's that!
To-mworn we'll gang bussed up in rags,—
See faith, how Cwolly's tail it wags;
Thou'll greet and whinge wi' wrinkl'd feas,
And show thy ill distracted case,
And me, pear body, dotherin stan',
Aye feeble, scarce can lift a han',
Mae saeds uplifted, wheczlin croon,
Layke onny healan' paeper's drone;
Thou'll see what pitying een will stare,
To see us seek a wretched pair,
Then heam we'll come,—our pockeks ram'd,
Our keyts weal fill'd, our jackets stem'd;
Layke bees bear heam our honey'd lead,
Theye gead green purse our Nanny mead,
Through it we'll ken the siller faen,
The stamp'd wee bits how they will shaen.
Layke tygers, limb fra' limb we'll draw
The hard old crusts, stiff as the wae;
Layke kings we'll feast, but far unseen,
Tho' chairs and steals be scant and mean,
Fy, bairns, be af ti' bed, aye, run,
Dear Ceat fling off thy tatter'd shun,
Mae oad grey cwoat fling't ti' the wae,
Mae breaks, the best, aye best of o'
Let's in amang the blankets shworn,
And dream what rereties we'll git ti' mworn.

ON A FRIEND WISHING THE AUTHOR TO BE CONTENT.

You say to me friend, but your heat is not mine,
You say "be content as you are,"
You say, "'tis a blessing that so I decline,
Be content and the sweetest of hope shall be thine;"
What is hope? the last link of despair.—

Can I shake from my thought, can my memory die?
Can my eyes still be shut to the light?
Oh! can I reflect on that beautiful eye,
With a tear sympathising my griefs, and reply
"Go thou hence," with a strain of delight.

Can I shake that soft hand, now so dear to my soul;
Can I see that fair cheek in its bloom,
Can I hear that sweet lip, whisper, "drink from the bowl,
And forget for a moment thy griefs, and control—
Let me see but a smile in the gloom."

Can I view that soft eye, when I tell of my grief.
Turn away for to hide the clear stream,
Can I smile as I think—turn again and be brief?
Is my heart but a stone?—my affections so deaf?—
Can I view all these things as a dream?

Oh! my heart at each thought, rends my breast with its pain
Can I say lie thou still thou fond thing?
At each thought of young Laura again wilt thou strain?
Wilt thou heave in my breast till there nothing remain
But what sorrow reflection can bring?

Do I hear that sweet voice, sighing, "live and be kind,
O thy years are too young for to die?
Canst thou leave me to weep in my soul as I find
The remembrance so dear while I'm yet left behind?
Do but live when thy Laura is nigh,"

Oh! where art thou Laura, thou kind loving heart?
Shall I see that sweet smile yet again?
Shall I think on the hour we embrac'd for to part?
Oh! my soul it was full with a tear-filled heart,
And thou knew not the source of my pain.

How long now's the time, that in bondage I've lain?
And how long for to be can you tell?
Yet one sweet little hope in my breast does remain,
That short is the time till I'm eas'd of my pain,
Then I'll bid my dear Laura farewell,

TO LAURA.

O thou art too beautiful Laura,
Thy cheeks are too fair for the spring,
When the hot summer sky
Throws its misty clouds by,
And the woodcock has far taken wing;
Let the shade be thy home dearest Laura,

The sun's sultry beams are a snare—
Where the dews on each flower,
Like a love sprinkled shower,
Taste the sweets—learn to love, and be fair.

When the dark clouds of Autumn, dear Laura,
Cold Eurus begins for to blast,
Keep you warm from the shower,
As the sleety flakes pour,
And the hills of a white hoary cast:
May thy cheeks still be fair, dearest Laura,
Thy eyes always sparkling and free,
When you kiss the sweet flowers
From the dew-sprinkled showers,
Save one sweet little kiss unto me.

THE OLD MARE.

You'll wonder sore I make no doubt,
What here I mean to say;
For tales they're flying now about,
No wonder that you may;
But to begin as I intend,
Or where shall I e'er make an end,
My story's true—then on I bend,
I'll make no more delay.

I've lost what other men can ride,—
(No fear 'tis then I'll brag)
The stately steed of youthful pride
Is lost in shankey's nag;
But to supply that gallant pair,
I found it hard to be my share,
But where's the use of killing care,
When fate has thrown the bag.

But now give ear—this good old mare,
Keep of the Arabian breed,
My Uncle had as good a pair
As ever trod the mead;
He nobly said, "A Horse, good friend,
In faithful honour I will thee lend,
Consider now and quickly send:
Young Brent's as swift as speed."

I humbly thank you for the fare,
That noble thing "a Horse,"
But I'll not have the younger mare,
I think she is the worse;
For when I mount my wheeled chair,
She'll hear it rattle, then she'll stare,
And off she'll whistle through the air,
And break my neck or worse.

You are welcome to the old bay mare,
She's steady now as age,
Reply'd my Uncle's kindly care,
Or her grey head I'll wage;
That for her mettle there's not found,
For age, and years, this country round,
O'er hedges, ditches, yet she'll bound,
Like hunters in a rage.

But for to make my story short,
I got the old bay mare:
All for my pleasure, and my sport,
I rode to take the air;
Small pleasure it would seem to me,
To rouse in mind lost liberty,
And view each old nocturnal spree:
The Cottage of the fair.

But by we'll lay this dagged stuff,
Why should I look behind?
For pleasures real oft they puff,
And leave us but the wind;
Why should we view our fortunes pain,
Contentment is our sweetest strain,
Cheer up, my muse, and leave again
This eery woe behind.

Through the fair summer we jogg'd on,
The weary time to kill:
To graze at ease around she run,
On yonder Beacon-hill;
The grass was long, she seemed to feed
In open peace—but, O, take heed!
The neighbouring sheep came down with speed,
The rising grass to kill.

The Shepherd whistl'd through the wood,
The harmless sheep did bleat:
And as they heard the well-known sound,
The faster they did eat;
They paddl'd o'er the knowes and braes,
Like flowers clad with summer Bees,
Old Brent she scrub'd among the trees,
The grass grew short and sweet.

She found her failing then begin,
As I will now proceed:
Some say a horse can laugh and win,
Why then not speak indeed?
She thus began, "How many years
Since my long tail came through the shears,
I saw my master's face in tears,
When he but saw me bleed.

"Nigh thirty summers now are past,
Since wanton I have run:
Nigh thirty winter's raging blast,
Have darkened yonder Sun;
Since first I scampered o'er the flowers,
Kicking at the winds and showers,
Basking on the hills for hours,
Life thus sweetly run.

"As many times I've seen the spring
Open its lovely breast:
The stately trees on every wing,
In lovely green were dress'd;
But now, O! winter's churly blast,
Driving the leafy shower past,
Killing Nature's beauty fast,
In every way possess'd.

"I mourn to see the yellow leaves
Covering the withered grass;
I stagger through among the trees,
Not knowing where I pass;
Would some good creature passing by,
But lend a hand and let us try,
A wee bit twisted hemp thrown wry,
About my neck, would save the grass.

" The bleeting ewes might totter by,
Not conscious of a horse,
Beneath the trees in showers lie,
And dream of nothing worse;
While I, an old but harmless mare,
Lost in poverty and despair,
Content, I now resign my care,
To die an aged horse!

" I see, but oh my vision's dim,
A form fast stalking hither;
It seems to be—but man, or boy,
I really know not whether—
Good man I dread ye stare to see
Pad here, an aged horse like me,
But yet I think we may agree,
I see you've brought your tether.

" Good man I hope that you are willing,
Just give your string a loop,
If you can't throw't about my neck,
I'll try if I can stoop;
You need not fear—I see you're bent,
To hang me, faith, 'tis your intent!
Come, come, I's ready—stand anent,
Throw o'er the halter loop "

" Well, faith, I'm willing, good old horse,
An arm-spread oak is near,
You've hardly stumps to pull the grass,
Then why live longer here?"
At this the snow began to blast,
The pester'd sheep were bleeting fast,
And stormy clouds stood in the west,
And angry did appear!

The little birds flew darting through
The thickest bush to find;
The robin to the lowly cot,
Had fled before the wind;
The plough lay frozen to the soil,
And man sat eased from his toil,
And huddl'd bees upon their spoil,
In dormant stupor find.

When sinking o'er the western hill,
The sun was creeping low,
When Geordy fra his lonely cot
Steer'd out among the snow;
There he saw Brent stand rearing high,
Her nose stood pointed to the sky,
Her tail aye wagg'd the snow flags by,
But with a motion slow.

The lad stood staring at the spot,
Till presently he spy'd
The base invented hempen knot
Where poor old Brent was tied;
He cut the halter from the tree,
And poor staggering Brenty free,
The wretch was fled, he could not see,
Who the base means had tri'd.

Now who so base could ever be,
In enmity and strife?
As tie a horse up to a tree,
To starve her out of life,
That man could murder, he could steal,
And dance to bloody wars a reel
And send his father to the d——l,
If he had courage rife.

TO WILLIAM BELL.

Dear Billy, lad, if this should find
Your honour hard at work inclined,
Drawing fast the silken seam,
Or pondering o'er the poet's dream,
Painting there the fairest form,
Or driving through the beating storm,
Or casting on some foreign land,
A wrecked crew upon the sand,
Or o'er yon burning crater slide,
And view the lava rolling wide;
Yet beauties nigher may engage,
To charm the fluttering muse's page;
Should this be so one moment spare,
And leave the little Cupids there,
Until I dip within the stand,
To let you know what I've at hand.

Yet nothing strange I mean to state,
No manuscripts of endless date,
Just brought to light, I would it scorn,
Long time before Old Adam born;
No flying horses in the sky,
Or numbered moments drawing nigh;
Or that the sea, its rolling wave,
Is swallowed by some hungry cave,
Engulph'd, no more to rage or smile,
Like Crusoe's pleasing little Isle.*
Some thousands such one might conceive,
But such are painful to believe.

Dear Bill, I oft times mourn to see
How Time and Chance hath ruined me;
A mortal poor thrown on the earth!
A long forgotten luckless birth;
Cloth'd in sorrow, who could move?
The burthen's heavier than *love!*
Cloth'd in pain, who could bear?
The burthen's heavy and severe!
But yet one happiness remains,
One pleasing thought without its pains,
A thought when sorrow leaves me free,
And Cupid's little eye can see;
I then compose what first I find,
And seize upon the present mind,
Lest the moment slip for ever,
To recall it we can never.
Thus our thoughts are like a dream,
Fast altering. In the curly stream
A bubble rises from the shore,
A moment and you see't no more.
Like yonder Moon in shining grace,
Behind the clouds she hides her face,
A glimmering light is faintly seen,
Till out she peeps beneath the screen.
Then new-born rays attract the eye,
And shows her beauty in the sky;
Thus rays of thought, like lightning flies,
And we should catch them as they rise.

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* It was rumoured that the Island of Fernandez Po was sunk by an earthquake.

But to leave this dull conception,
And advance to full reflection;
Sweet little flower of the shore,
Suppose I now compose thy store,
And clothe thee in the richest hues,
Wherein my fancy now pursues.
A drooping lily, or a rose,
The latter I would now suppose,
With dangling leaves o' bonny green,
Just nodding to the morning scene;
With tears of dew upon its crest,
With fluttering leaves and open breast;
Smiling beauty, lovely flower,
Thine's the sweetness of the hour!
Should I say a thousand strains,
Blended sweetly and with pains;
If further then I wish'd to speed,
Who would hear it?—who would read?
Who would criticise with fire?
Quick, condemn, and then retire;
Where is then the painted rose?
Blasted by the winter snows;
Where is all your thoughts in train?
Their beauties lost, and flowers vain!
Thus the shivering cloud is cast,
A damp is stricken for the past:
A frost o'erspreads the open skies,
Which kills my flowers as they rise:
My dying muse in shame retire,
I throw the morsel to the fire,
I curse its beauties in my talk,
And see it all consumed to smoke;
With drooping head, I say it plain,
No more I'll muse, or rhyme again.
Some days I leave in this disguise,
Again the little muse will rise:
Would it not be a shame to tell,
If I were not to use her well.
Her fluttering wings, how oft I find,
When she suspects that I am blind:
Again her smiling sweets are dear,
Again she bathes me with her tear.
The die is struck, a verse, or more,
I hide that little in my store;
Wherein my blunders shall remain,

If there's no pleasure, there's no pain,
Let critics seek to find in vain!

But lest I tire your patience quite,
With stuff not worth an appetite:
As lengthened speeches kill the ear,
When softer sweets are waiting near;
A word to say as friendship leads,
An honest heart in open weeds;
I venture now a pride most dear,
To give you now my counsel here:
Your muse a little fluttering guest,
Is warm I see in nature's breast;
She holds her portion high and wide,
And o'er the rolling billows ride;
Give her the reins, the way is clear,
An all remains to persevere.

So for the present I shall close,
And leave at heart what we suppose:
An honest heart, I love it ever,
And *vice versa* I shall never;
So I remain your humble friend,
And always to it shall attend,
Till pains, and cares, and life shall end.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Fair Nymph of the mountain
Attend to my strain,
Should youth's sweet affection
Have cause to complain;
Can a maid of your beauty,
Perfect in each form,
Have the kind love to aid me,
Now toss'd in the storm?
With a generous sweet heart,
All so kind in its glee,
And that eye in its sweetness
Look kind unto me.

Can that cheek in its bloom,
The fair rose of the spring?
That voice like the warbler,
As softly can sing;

Speak soft, and yet gaze,
On that beautiful line,
With a glow on each cheek
Like an Angel divine?
At that word—nay so angry,
A frown pass'd your brow:
And you sigh'd "Oh, I could,
If it were not for you."

May I foolishly thus,
So conclude from my fears:
'Tis love made of sweetness,
All blendid with tears;
It robs me of rest,
For no purpose I walk,
It makes me to speak
When I never should talk:
At night then it makes me
To ride in the skies,
And it makes me a fool
When I wish to be wise.

Oh! then can your pity
Displace that dark frown,
With a smile of your cheek,
Like the light of the moon,
Rising o'er the dark landscape
So bright in the sky,
One ray but direct
To poor numberless—I—
How pleasing's that smile,
Oh! it warms in my breast,
Smile again, but again,
Then my heart is at rest.

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

CANTO FIRST.

'Twas dark as the billows, as some people say,
And far to the east lay the dawn of the day;
The door now was barr'd, I heard the bolt slide,
I lay but amusing, the tester was wide;
The fire kept flickering its low pleasing light,
The view it was dark, then again it was white.

I saw by the shade now a form moving fast,
It seem'd to be flying along with the blast,
While several came after, a faint spreading gleam,
I saw they were moved along by the stream;
While faster, and faster, they roll'd like the tide,
Till hovering there stopp'd a one, close by my side.

This Engine was neat, of a beautiful hue,
Both green, red, and yellow, and some of it blue;
Emblazoned with letters, I saw it quite soon,
"'Tis only a guinea a trip to the Moon;"
I spoke to the Engineman standing on high,
"By George, I'll for once have a trip in the sky."

I mounted right up on a seat plac'd behind,
I thought 'twould be best with my back to the wind,
The Guard, laughing, told me, so high was her power,
She'd fly several hundreds of miles in the hour;
"In this single trip to the face of the Moon,
We'll beat all to shreds Green's Nassau Balloon."

I took off my hat while looked on high
To see the large wings that would make us to fly,
Though it may seem puffing, I'll bet now a pound,
They nigh would have covered an acre of ground:
But not as you think, two large wafters ready,
She'd four large wings to keep her more steady.

The boiler stood over supported quite plain,
On four metal columns impervious to reign,
A large metal chest below it quite steady,
"There, there," cried the Engineman, "fire quite ready,
The new mode of heating, sir, patent quite soon,
When once they all know we are off to the Moon."

I wish'd for to know if the water was right,
Why, if we'd run short in the midst of our flight,
"Ho, ho," cry'd the Guard, "we'll see to that a'ter,
Condense, condense, sir, and turn it to water;—
The steam, I mean, sir, we've water enough,
We've the fine apparatus, we'll not loose a puff."

I nodded assent, though I thought as he spoke,
That our water would fly up along with the smoke,
And as for the chest, with its internal fire,
How long it would hold out, I had little desire;
I heard the steam puffing, I thought all was well,
But how many passengers I never could tell.

Suffice it to say—a lady—fine feature,
She sat right in front of me—beautiful creature ;
While puffing—sat by her, quite impotent d——l—
A sharp leather face, with a nose quite uncivil,
Shot far now in front—a fine Cromwelian brother,
'Tis said the Protector has just such another.

While close to the left, sat a hearty young spark
Kept rummaging his pockets now quite in the dark,
Though the sun now was rising, big foe to the night,
The great nasal-organ kept all in the light;
But a turn of helm, shall I say out of place,
Brought copper quite up in the sweet lady's face.

She modestly smiled as she turned her face,
A pleasing derision I thought in its place.
While hearty young Jack cri'd, "hold to the right,
Sir, you interpose betwixt me and the light;'
"Why the d——l," cri'd nosey, "the sun is just risen.
I'll bet now a posey you're blind as the mizzen.

Blind as the mizzen, sir !—what do you mean ?
By Jove I will kick you right over the screen,
So, there you may shake your tin-limbs in the wind,
Why, then you will know I am not quite so blind ;
From the clouds you may dive, like a hawk upon venture,
With copper-nose down you will sink to the centre.

"Oh dear !" cried the Lady, "be quiet, dear Bobby,
You see it is only that young fellows hobby,
He thinks you will rise in a fit of your passion,
He's young, he's strong, he will strike in the fashion ;
The fair creature sobbed right out as she spoke,
"Dear Lady," says I, "why, 'tis only a joke."

With peering the sweets of the dear Lady's face,
And viewing the fuss of old Nosey's grimace,
I heard not the bustle, the wings spreading ever,
In motion right over the Tyne's curly river ;
The zig-zagging stream kept on in its bed,
The height of the hills and the mountains are fled.

I saw now below, for the clouds they were high,
And the earth lay below like a map to the eye,
The seat of Lord Wallace—the green ivy wall—
The shade of the hills made it darkness to all;
The woods all around—the haugh it look'd green—
The blue curling smoke—all enchantment the scene.

I saw the rai lroad with its red sandy hue,
Keep winding along until lost in the view,
Down Haltwhistle haugh, how it slides by the town,
Till past the Hoo-burn it is lost under groun';
But, what of your steaming to run upon rails?
Why, fly through the sky with your wings and your sails.

The scene now was fading quite dim to the ey
The thin fleecy clouds all around us did fly,
I saw through an opening a white patch of snow,
"Do you see there," says I, yonder's Crossfell below;
Many millions of silver, and tons weight of lead,
Lie deep in that mountain with snow on its head,"

"By jingo," cried Nosey, "I'd drive from the Tyne,
A level right up in the heart of the mine,
Lay a railroad from Alston, to Haltwhistle fly,
Raise a 'smelt-mill' in Coanwood, the coals they are nigh;
How I'd smile when I saw the fine silver run clear,
I would buy all the lands in the north in a year."

"You would be a fine gentleman, I really suppose,"
Cried John, in a corner, then rubb'd up his nose,
"You are not 'lucky Geordy' to light on such ware,
Of mines of fine silver—ten thousand a share;"
"Why, sure," cried Nosey, "I think you're a clown—
Do you see, we are flying right up to the moon."

"You are perfectly right, Old Bobby," says I,
"But fortune's a fickle jade, slow to comply,
When you think you have hold of her fast by the heel,
She will slip through your fingers as though 'twere an eel,
Many instances such I have known with true lore,
The man that had plenty, lost all to get more.

"Would it then not be better, but guard against stealth,
Not to envy the man with his oceans of wealth;
If you had not contentment as many one knows,
Neither friends or *arch hypocrites*, all of them foes,
The Cotter, his labours, his home and his shed,
Would sleep with more soundness upon his straw bed."

But here all our chatting was drowned in fear,
The wind roaring whirl'd its sound on the ear,

Both east, west, and south, in a moment just driven,
The large foremost wing from the point it was riven,
In a moment its partner broke close by the band.
Right dash it flew past us away for the land.

Down lay on that side she now swung with a dash,
While head over heels we all flew with a crash,
Both males, and females, in this inverse direction,
Some shrieking and struggling, in awful perplexion,
Some riving with fury, some struggling with care,
Some lay in a corner quite sunk in despair.

"Oh!" I thought, "what a fool, on the winds far to ride,
Through a vain silly notion to view the rough side
Of yon Moon, now above us, she looks now quite near,
Oh, I think we shall reach her, but yet there is fear.
Oh no! we are sinking—we'll fall on some shore;
We will sink in the earth; nay a furlong or more.

"Had I staid but at home, like a wise man at ease,
Both feet on the earth, I could do as I please,
But oh, what a fool!—when there's anything new,
Why, sure it is plain we must all have a view;
Were I but on the earth I am sure it is plain,
I would swear that I never would leave it again."

Still hurried right down, to escape now was vain,
What thoughts, all diffused, increasing my pain,
Delay, now a monster hand Death o'er my eyes,
In a doleful templation for thought to surmise;
Till a stroke of her pinions now pois'd on the blast,
With a vigour now strove to amend for the past.

The boiler kept hissing—the strokes they were fast,
In a quick spiral motion we rose through the blast,
Till the Moon, like an Island, lay close in our view,
Through the rarified air we pleasantly flew;
"Do you see there," cry'd John, "I will bet now a poun',
We have gain'd the attraction, we'll land on the moon."

Each countenance brighten'd and held by the rail,
Some strove to look cheerful, some wonderous pale,
Some fear'd to forget the past danger so soon,
"Are we there," cry'd another, "by Jove, there's the moon;
In yon valley we'll land, by yon clear spreading rill,
'T would be foolish you know for to land on yon hill."

We soared on slowly, just as we drew near,
An Eagle shot past us, his scream it was clear,
Gave warning to hundreds of animals that lay
On the green sward below us; they ran fast away;
Among large trees, and bushes, we're hidden full soon,
Not liking to see our large bird on the Moon.

Down we landed quite steady along on one side,
On a fine level plain many miles it was wide,
There wild shrubs and bushes, with trees long and fair,
With their green sable leaves pierced high in the air;
Where the sweet feather'd songster sang sweet in its strain,
And the woods all re-echoed the sound back again.

As I gazed all around, to where something might hide,
Our Engine lay snorting along on one side;
Cry'd the Guard from behind. "here, boys, lend a hand,
Heavo,—let us see if our engine will stand;
Why sure you may say, we have soar'd through the blast,
'Twas the grand *patent heat* that has saved us at last."

Lest the reader be weary of reading such stuff,
Or perhaps may be thinking 'tis only a puff,
I will leave him to ponder all night on his dream,
And see if he can't rise aloft with his steam;
Perhaps he'll outstrip us by far in his sphere,
And dive over space like a dart for a year.

Now, this canto we'll close, in the next you'll be thinking
We'll blithely come down, with carousing and drinking;
But to give you a hint of't without any slang,
We came down like a shot, with a thump and a bang;
Like an earthquake it shook all the hills with a blow,
For the truth you may read this succeeding canto.

CANTO SECOND.

There is steam o'er the world still puffing and boiling,
From the east to the west, how the smoke it is coiling,
Rising and spreading in every part,
Still improvements extending along in the art;
Where will't end the huge power let wise sages tell,
Whether in heaven, or earth, or the regions of h—.

Let's not speculate, ere on oceans we're lost,
Soon hills will be tunnel'd without any cost,
Though the earth they will drive to the antipodes soon,
And whip through the borehole a steaming baloon;
'Neath the waves of the ocean the huge bells may ride,
Who knows the vast fissure when steam is its guide.

But to proceed with our steam navigation,
Through airs rarified let's drive our narration,
Perhaps now our steamer, and wings are all right,
On the face of the moon where we left them last night;
"Blow a blast" cry'd the guard, "take the helm in your hand
Put the steam on, my boys—heave away for our land."

Not a moment was lost for to gain a retreat,
By a jolly old parson I popp'd to a seat,
Where he shrug'd up his shoulders, and laugh'd for to see
Such a bustle—all striving—not wishing to be
Left alone in the moon, where, perhaps, a huge race,
Behind Herschel's volcanoes may yet find a place.

Off we dash'd like a fury and left the green plain,
Some may think we were quick in returning again,
Be it as it may, we all laugh'd in our glee,
As down then we dash'd for own country;
All was joy, then so gaily the pipe and the bowl,
Loos'd the tongues of the weary and ravish'd the soul.

The old parson just by me grew warm in his talk,
On divinity, politics, vented his smoke,
Talk'd of tithes, and church rates, and all things round about him,
And ask'd what poor people would do just without him?
"Sure souls would be damn'd without prayers or cantation,
And dark superstition would die from vexation."

An old farmer behind me, cried, "fain would I see
All the parsons in England just hang'd on a tree,
For the churches they'd make as good barns or good byres
And the pews they would make as good stalls, or good fires,
As for parsons, or preachers, it all is a trade,
Them that wants them, just try them, they all must be paid."

At this speech sable John seem'd to rave like a boar,
On "sacrilege," and "blasphemy," he vented his store—

Some laugh'd, and some joked, while others look'd serious,
And cried, "Oh, I say, there is something mysterious;"
Till old Bobby's phizog, past a fair lady's cheek,
Cried, "hist ye, big lubbers, will you hear a man speak?"

"A hum," then cried Nosey, so wip'd his big face,
"What about all this nonsense I ask with a grace?
If you talk of this bother, you'd better by far,
Say your prayers, then we're off the earth like a star;
Look below in the clouds, there's a horrible ruction,
Some dark evil spirit for our destruction."

"Hoot man," spoke the guard, "tell me where you would land,
On Saddleback, Skiddaw, we've all at command;
On the rocks of Helvellyn,—by the long stone of Barkin,
Or by Greenlea lough where good pike you might dart him;
Or if you love sport, and can pay a rough fine,
We will land on the moors of the Allan, or Tyne."

"Away with your moors, and your lakes, and your beacons,
I love not the pride of your Parsons or Deacons;
Away with your Church, and your states' constitution,
Which gives us game-laws for a curs'd retribution;
Away with your taxes on bread to the d——l,
And away with all rogues that will never be civil."

Thus Bobby kept lecturing much longer and loud,
As down we descended into a dark cloud,
Where the rain it kept pouring, with lightning and thunder,
Which fill'd every heart with amazement and wonder;
The fire it flash'd with a zig-zagging motion,
From cloud unto cloud, till it struck in the ocean.

Down we shot from the cloud, and behind left the blast.
Where it roar'd in the tempest along as it past;
All was silent around, save the hissing of steam,
And the wafting of wings bore us up in the gleam:
As the sun's pleasing rays shot warm to each heart,
And again dark despondency smiles could impart.

Down we look'd to the Earth, all was clear now and fair,
As we hover'd o'er Crossfell some miles in the air:

Down the Tyne, as we gaz'd, on its banks we could see,
Alston—for freedom and good company;
Where the bones of poor Fountain lie cold 'neath the sod,
Unto whom fanaticism refused a God.

To the west of the town stands an Inn by the way,
Where some poachers took refuge once late in a day,
Pursued by ———, his keepers, and train,
Who swore they would bind all these poachers that's plain
With carts and strong ropes, just to do't to perfection,
And take them straightway to the House of Correction.

The house was surrounded with bars, sticks, and stones,
To strike, or knock down, or perhaps break their bones;
Such victims of fury, for a cursed restriction,
May break limbs or kill without fear of conviction;
This ——— stood back with a half mutter'd curse,
Crying "he that fights best shall have share of my purse."

What a bribe for black eyes, or a good broken pate,
But money held out to a fool's a good bait;
But some, (though the siller seem'd tempting you know,
Kept behind, never caring to have the first blow;
The door was thrown open, and bold Renwick flew,
With Harrop and all his companions so true.

Then knock-downs, and thumps, broken guns, and big blows
Were level'd with fury, around on their foes,
Till ———'s poor lackeys were forc'd to give way,
And left the bold poachers the field and the fray;
But, alas! poor Harrop, from a vile bloody knave,
Got a blow from behind which took him to the grave.

Like this many scenes of rude fury I saw,
As we gaz'd on the streak of blue mountains below,
Where the soldier's bold charger has pranced with pride,
To crush the brave minor, his freedom has died;
But, alas! shall the freedom of man still be chain'd?
Is the fair face of England with *slavery* stain'd?

You may search in the record of sense in the heart,
'Tis Nature, tis Reason, from truths ne'er depart;
You may search for the despot, the tyrant, and knave,
Man is but man, from his youth to the grave;
Why should man tyranize over man as we see,
When man is but man, you will with me agree?

But now to return to describe our descent,
Each face seem'd pictur'd with laughing content:
The Ladies look'd pretty and chattered with ease,
By the side of a husband, or lover to please;
With the breathings of love, or domestic old cares,
While Bobby kept lecturing on old state affairs.

Some talk'd of their gay fire sides at their home,
On some sweet little spot where they wish'd for to roam,
Where some favourite fountain glides playfully along,
Intermix'd with the blackbird's sweet warbling song;
Some talk'd of fine balls where the music would play,
For to lengthen their sleep on the next holyday.

Some ranted with vigour and furious zeal,
And curs'd old Wellington, Russell, and Peel,
And swore that John Bull in his shackels and chains,
Was become quite an ass, and might knock out his brains;
Should a brute of such magnitude bray at the goad?
By and by he'll turn tails and will throw off his load.

We stood now quite stationary, wafting the skies,
Till a crack from above put us all in surprise;
'Twas the chest with its internal fire suspended
Above us: the bolts were some broken and bended,
It hung by one corner, a red glowing mass,
Till smash down it came through the bottom like glass

Now all was confusion you quickly may guess,
With the cries of the females, and groans of distress,
All at once was the cry, "let us down, let's away,
Before we loose steam and the wings cease to play,
Lest our bones be all shatter'd, not fit for to tell,
And we all are dead corses on top of Crossfell."

It was painful to see when I round took a view,
Some fondly embracing their long last adieu,
Some praying, some groaning, with equal excess,
While some hung down their heads in the height of distress;
Though to see poor old Bobby, his nose just like fire,
At this moment with laughter I nighly expire.

Two thin sons of Bacchus sat playing their part,
On an ugly old bottle that held near a quart;
Disease with its asthmatic wheezling of breath,
Never stifled those sons from the phial of death;

Though death it seemed certain, their throats were on fire,
And the last baneful draught, it was all their desire.

The boiler's faint hissing now ceas'd,—and the pride
Of the large wafting wings dropped dead by the side;
Our descent became dreadful, no parachute's swell
Could have spread its bold arms our death-stroke to repel,
For alas! we were whirled right up-head and down,
And many went over right dash to the ground.

I caught hold in one corner and hung like a sloth,
To let go, to be sure, I was wondrous loth;
At what rate we were falling, 'twould be hard for to tell,—
In a snow-wreathe we dash'd on the top of Crossfell—
I awoke almost stifled to death by the fall,
Where I found myself clinging hard by the bed-pole.

Now my Canto is ended, and also my dream,
Our engine's expell'd to a vapour like steam,
Our large patent chest, with its internal fire,
Hath dropp'd to the earth and must also expire,
So now for to end all those dreams, and those bubbles,
Here's—long may the sleeper ne'er dream of his troubles.

CATY'S DREAM VERIFIED.

A CARICATURE.

'Twas in October's month so keen,
When leaves of yellow strew the green,
The corn was cut, hous'd in wi' trouble,
And swattering geese upon the stubble.
'Twas dark one night, the wind blew sharp
From the north-east with chilling harp,
Not loud, but yet 'twas cold and keen,
And not so warm as it had been.
Poor Caty sat close by the fire,
Her daughter Nanny, cross-legged, by her,
Caty started—"Hist!" cried she,
"I hear a noise, what can it be?
Is it, my father, think you Nanny?
That's dreaming something so uncanny—
Ah! surely dreams are curious things,
I dream'd last night that I had wings,
And off I flew, so nice you know,
I either could go fast or slow,

I down to every house, like bowing,
Could dash to see what all were doing.
Oh, Nan! it would be fine to fly,
To see all things beneath the sky;
How nicely then we'd soon get siller,
I'd be a witch or fortune-teller,
I'd coax to thee a fine lish fellow,
With heaps of gold, both rich and yellow."
"But surely, mother," cry'd the sly elf,
"Would you not have a man yourself?"
"Oh, no, I wouldn't, that is plain,
Have ought to do with man again;
But how it is that all miscarry,
For I've had many a chance to marry:
But women, when they've lovers, think
Just like a man when he's in drink,
He brags of plenty—then he's ought
Till he gets sober—then he's nought.
But now I'm oldish—filled with fears,
Just travelling up to threescore years,
Though I seem now both dun and twisted,
Rather crook'd, and roughly gristed,
In my youthful days so funny,
My kisses were to all like honey,
My cheeks were rosy, plump, and fat,
And I'd a pretty beaver hat,
I seem'd it nicely—many a squeezing
It got me, for it was so pleasing."
"Will you just buy me such another?"
Spoke Nanny, slily, to her mother;
"It would be pleasing to be kiss'd,
And kindness it will ne'er be miss'd;
But"——"What," cry'd Caty, "buy't for ill,
For men are tempting sinners still."

"But I've forgot to tell my dream,
It were so funny, it may seem,
I found a man quite naked laid
Both cold and stiff beneath a shade
I took him in my arms and flew,
And laid him in the bed by you;
Between our arms we did enfold,
And soon recover'd him from the cold,"
Now Caty started—"hist!" she cry'd,
"I hear that groan again—deny't—

Did you not hear't, dear Nanny, plain ?"
" Oh, yes, I did !—I hear't again."—
Another groan ! nay, and another !
Poor Nanny crept behind her mother ;
Poor Caty stared !—her features flew
In colours all from white to blue !
She shrunk and shivered on her chair,
And whisper'd soft a lowly prayer ;
A due confession thou demands ;
She thus began, wi' lifted hands :—

" Good Lord, thou sees me here a being,
Free from roguery and leeing,
Free from carrying tales and chatter,
From house to house, just like a clatter ;
Free from raising noise and strife,
Betwixt a poor man and his wife ;
Free from hypocritish clink,
Thou knows I speak just what I think ;
Free from scanty weights and measures,
Free from all those lustful pleasures,
Free from witchery's black art,
Though they blame me for a part ;
Free from neighbours' quarrels still,
Let them call me what they will ;—
If it be Willy's ghost—I'm fear'd
He'll catch me quickly by the beard,
For speaking truth,—I'm fear'd tis true
In h—l long since he's got his due !
Preserve us aye from every ill,
Thou knows that I am virtuous still !"

Here Caty paus'd—the wind was low,
A voice cry'd " Caty, " weak and slow ;
Caty rose and poked the fire,
To make a light was her desire :
Then quickly to the door she flew,
And cared for neither black nor blue ;
It was a " man,"—the voice did say,
She op'd the door, and there he lay.

Now some may think that dreams are vain,
Why, Caty dream'd a dream that's plain,
And for its truth, I think it's told,
Here is a man both stiff and cold.

She took him in close to the fire,
To warm him soon 'twas her desire,—
Then held a light to see his feature,—
'Twas poor "Mary," honest creature;
But here the reader sure will wonder—
"Mary" a man—that is a blunder;
No; not so! he'd alias's many.
And that will do as well as any.

As fortune leads but few men right,
I think it's every day he might
Become more frugal with his ills,
And light the fire with salves and pills;
It surely would be something smart
To cure disease before it start;
Let Doctors trudge on foot their way;
At home let sable Parsons pray;

But Mary, by good luck or ill,
You may just call it what you will,
Was dry, and call'd like other people,
To get a quart just by the steeple;
But Mary, somehow hard to think,
Yet still grew drier with the drink;
It may be something worse, I fear,
Which brewers call the strength of beer;
It may be by some cursed art
They stew some stimulant in a quart,
To rob us of our sense and reason,
Risk our heads by speaking treason;
Or by tumbling o'er a height,
To break our necks that some may see't,
Drowned, or perished in a moss,
Or in a stream a child might cross,
If these remarks are but too true,
Curse the stuff and let them brew.

If nature's form'd you such as I,
With a large throat that's always dry,
And water cannot quench its fire,
Let's to the brewing trade aspire.
Let's to the lumber-room repair,
'Mong iron bolts, and broken ware,
To find old Grandy's copper kettle,
If it's not sold for brass or mettle,

Let's mount him on the blazing fire,
See the flames ascending higher,
Hear the boilers rumbling sound,
See it bubbling upwards bound,
Cool'd, fermented, closed in barrels,
Drawn to drink—then noise and quarrels;
Be it then so, or be it not,
Let knaves and quarrels be forgot.—
If you love drink, brew your own ale,
But poison not the draught for sale.

But to return our tale to tell,
Old Mary rapp'd the tankard well,
His tongue was loos'd, his hands were steel,
He raved and lectured like a Peel;
He talked of farming stock and gear,
And bragg'd of profits, tear, and wear,
Till with the din the house did ring,
He look'd as bold as any king.
His chair grew straight whereon he sat,
He stoop'd and tumbl'd o'er his hat,
Then curs'd the seat, then laugh'd and sang,
And round the room with many a bang;
The doors and walls got many a junk,
Then swore by Jove, he was not drunk:
But merry was, "that's all,"—did say,
Then rapp'd to see what was to pay,
The bill was large—yet just was nought,
To hurt his valour with a thought.

The landlady with words so kind,
Just whisper'd "Mary" from behind,
"It now grows late, you must away,
Your wife will wonder at your stay;
Here is your hat, put it on your head,
The Landlord too is gone to bed.
Come, rise, I'll help you o'er the floor,
And see you kindly to the door."
He thus agreed without dissent,
They staggering forwards zig zag went,
He gain'd the threshold, bade "good night,"
Some good long steps were planted right;

Then sung a stave, of wars, and scars,
While pois'd erect he view'd the stars,
He blamed the poor, then cursed the rich,
Then tumbl'd headlong in the ditch.

He gruff'd and groaned, nigh to expire,
Just like a hog stretch'd in the mire;
Then groped the hedge, then swore outright
He would indite the road that night,
To pay the cost he'd pawn his breeches
For better roads and drier ditches.
He swore again, then pray'd his part,
Then staggered off another art;
The roads were bad, that sure were true,
He smack'd an oath he d make them rue;
Then at a turn stuck up his stick,
Though now it was "as dark as pick;"
Then mark'd a corner where 'twas crook'd,
Then turn'd to see just how it look'd.
He staggered off, then climb'd the hill,
He hickup'd—then grew sick and ill;
He saw a light—he knew the spot—
'Twas Caty's door, he'd not forgot.
He strove to gain the latch—the floor—
He reel'd and tumbled at the door;
His senses past— amidst the cold
In torpid sleep, the time it told,
In even strokes, till cold and stiff
He slumbering waked, and found as if
He'd been a corse nail'd up in lead,
All but the vital spark had fled,
He groan'd—and Caty, as I've told,
With kindness bore him from the cold;
Such humane actions, woman only can,
Be kind and good to the poor mortal man.

As evening dews are chill'd to hoar,
And pierc'd the apple to its core,
Lay Mary now a stiffen'd lump,
On the hearthstone. An awkward bump,
Perhaps protruded an extreme,
Distension from his upper beam
Of rafted rigging, fit to trace
By bold Phrenology, his race
Of quick descendants, rude and rough,
O'er cunning Priestcraft's ugly stuff,
To ride and skelp their sable backs,
With engine speed and able cracks,
Till golden reason domineer,
And wolfish Priestcraft disappear.

Now whether those bumps are rais'd or flat,
'Tis not my theme to lift the hat;
But leave Phrenology to trace
O'er human skull's each nobby place;
And show by names arrang'd in skill,
The average weight of good and ill;
Perhaps by rules they'll tell us plain,
What proud ambition wishes to obtain.

But to proceed upon our strain,
And leave to trace the bumped brain,
Some wiser sages, skill'd in art,
While we proceed with Caty's part;
Of human actions, kind and good,
Poor Catey in her pleasing mood,
Now roll'd Old Mary—turn'd him o'er,
Applied warm flannels to restore;
Yet fruitless all those plans were vain,
He shook and shivered with his pain;
Yet human actions still were near,
And woman's thoughts are quick and clear.
She stripp'd poor Mary cold as lead,
Then laid him kindly into bed;
Then crept so softly in beside,
To warm him was her dearest pride;
Behind him Nanny closely lay,
As warm as thatch till break of day.

Ye maidens modest, wise and hale,
I pray dont startle at this tale;
Poor Caty's modesty was rare,
And unimpeach'd by any share
Of concupiscential desire,
Her's all was goodness to inspire
Each mortal being with a state,
Of something kind, and good, and great,
If those her principles were all,
I pray you here attend my call.
Ye women lovely, born to kill—
Be kind, and good—reform your will—
If fortune chance in you such acts to prove,
Remember nature's warmest in the arms of love.

TO CUPID.

Canst thou ever dwell within me ?
Little Cupid, hast thou fled ?
Wing'd on treasure,
Pain and pleasure,
A bleeding heart now tough, and dead.
Sighing softly,
Staring loft'ly,
Oft thou's wounded me with pain;
Now thy arrows,
Piercing marrows,
Ne'er can wound this heart again.

Swimming on the blue eyes fairly,
Have I seen thy 'lastic bow,
Plunge its dart,
Right through my heart,
And kindly felt its bitter blow.
Now thy spear,
I from me tear,
Its silver point it gives no pain;
Take thy roses,
Lovely posies,
Fly, thy beauties I disdain,

THE AUTHOR ON HIS WRETCHED CONDITION.

Have I a dear friend ? or have I a dull foe ?
Or have I any kindred ? Why, they surely say so;
Do I know them ? O yes, while I could go and see
If they lived, or were dead, now they're strangers to me!
I'm forgot, 'cause I'm wretched, unfortunate and poor,
And the sweet looks of liberty ne'er stays at my door.
For riches I care not, for friendship I grieve;
What are riches to friendship, my heart to relieve ?
Sure riches might buy what existence doth crave,
To live to be rich is but lengthening the grave.
But a friend that could hear of your losses and pain,
Sigh at your misfortunes, and laugh at your gain,
Could aid you in troubles, console you in grief,
Correct you in follies astounding and brief;
Could ask you a favour, could reason with ease,
In a word be a friend, or a foe if you'd please.

Such a friend I have not, do I ask it? Oh no;
Let the bare superficies be all there's to show,
Let the mark now o'ershadow the baseness of heart,
Let the countenance be but the painting of art;
Let the tongue be an actor inverse in its place,
Always treating, what thinking, to man a disgrace;
With an eye full of kindness, bedim'd full of tears,
Do I see it? Ah yes, how its false form appears;
In tyranny I've seen it, when I scarcely could bear
From reproving the baseness then wrapt in a tear;
Such are all I expect, such are they I dispel;
Give me truth—ah! tis sweetness, I love it so well.

When I pause as in slumber, look back for the joys,
Through the laps of sweet love, to my childhooded toys;
There mirth in simplicity, harmless sweet play,
Calls back every action—the schoolboys day.
Where is love? where's the bosom I've seen sweetly sigh,
With a sweet modest look, and the tears in her eye?
Where's the face that once smil'd with its sweetness so fair,
That heart I could read—ah! tis vanish'd to air!
That lip where I've feasted its sweets are all fled,
And the vigils of night in its slumbers are dead.
That arm that could bind me in fondest embrace,
And kindly reprove, hath no longer its place;
That ear that could list to my sorrows with grief,
And kindly encourage to give me relief;
With a tongue that could soften the wretch in his den,
Raise the soul to its valour, the bravest of men;
Tame the Lion to follow—it's fury all fled—
Soften death—nay, how often her bosom hath bled
For my rending affliction, a thousand sweet tears
Rolled down on my bosom, while o'er me she bears
Her pale form, now reclining, she sighs in her breath,
"O how pale, clinging life, breathing softly through death;
Where's that form, that manly erection now chas'd
From living maturity, in bondage now brac'd
In fate's iron chains, dragging slowly along
Life's bitter remains, through a sorrowful throng
Of increasing perplexity, poverty, and pain;
A few years and nothing of life shall remain;
Could I help thee, oh Heavens! no help can I give,
Let thy sorrows be mine, and again thou may live,
To ramble in follies—free liberty thine—
Would'st thou then neglect me? or would I be thine?

Would beauty not tackle? thy heart often sigh
For mature perfection, through nature? Thy eye
It's soft language would cease, thy affection asleep—
Thy Eliza forgotten, alone she might weep
For thy kindness. This frail composition,
It's bud would sink, and its lovely flower
Fall to the earth, in pale opposition
To healthful beauty. The approaching hour
Of dark dissolution, (at last a sure friend)
Would arrive in his hearse; and oblivion would end
All my follies, and ending, existence would cease
To upbraid me; and death would but give me release."
"Wilt thou kill me, Eliza," I then did reply,
With thy goodness. How oft in my bosom I sigh
In thy death, now behold the fair picture is mine!
Thou wilt leave me, and even forget that I pine
In the dark arms of death, yet living to see
That I'm wholly forgot by my kindred, and thee;
And yet in my arms thou'll now cling to my heart,
As if for to say, 'we for ever must part!"
A sweet kiss from that lip, then I'll bid thee farewell!
But again—wilt thou never?—the funeral knell,
With its hammer resounds it's echo o'er the lea,
And for once let thee know, that my spirit is free."
All was silent—my hand then she grasped and fled,
My tongue it was still, and my heart it was dead!
Oh! her last weeping gaze, shall I ever forget?
That sweet longing look I remember it yet!
That kind feeling heart, all it's memory hath lost,
And the ocean of nature again it is toss'd,
Till the germs of affection now floats on the surf;
By desire now borne to some genial turf,
In its languor to sprout, like an Indian stone,
And remember it's warmth in a frigid zone.

Now where is Eliza? she also is fled!
And the soul that could weep now it's memory is dead!
Like the feeble old horse that lies down by the way,
Or a snail that has travell'd a grass-blade all day,
Am I bound to the earth, beating slow in their track,
But the snail, like a tink'r, takes his house on his back,

The beggar can travel along like a king,
And laugh, tell a story, or merrily sing;

The gipsey, for siller, tells fortunes to come
To the miser, the widow, a husband, a bum,
That he'll soon be promoted, but be on his guard,
Lest hemp in its pith be his honest reward.

Mr. Pat just arrived, with his clothes all in rags,
See him swagger along with his boxes and bags;
With a heart light and trusty he twirls his sloe,
His trusty companion and ruin of his foe,
What is there on earth, or in caverns, or sea,
If I had it, that I would not give for to be
A poor sweep, a tink'r, a gipsy, or pedlar;
Nay, worlds I'd give for to go like a beggar.
But hope, where is hope? on her silvery wing,
A sweet forest of pleasure her shadow doth bring,
Till her aerial form dwindles far out of sight;
Then I look for the day when behold it is night—
And his darkness o'ershadows, his chariot rolls high,
And his coldness reflects from the far polar sky,
Till the icebergs entomb his remains in the sea,
And forever is lost unto poverty and me.

Then farewell ye hopes, and ye sweet pleasing dreams
Of the love-sparkling eyes, and my star's setting beams;
Shall I gaze yet around me, to view the dark storm,
Hear the grim-forced laugh, see the death-striding form
Hanging o'er the dark gulf, on the precipice high,—
See the pale haggard forms all bemingled to die,
Do I hold by the lichen?—what tharm-tuned string
Holds life's feeble balance, and spreads not its wing?
How tenacious is life—my life's but a death,
In its coffin clos'd up, only peep-holes for breath;
Through these small interstices what forms can appear,
There the tyrant peeps through with his grim-forced jeer.
It is painful to see, each are filled with conceit,
From the high to the low, from the low to the great,
Its the pride of the "man" it is always at heart,
To keep something from others he cannot impart,
Or perhaps he may know not its infant construction,
Or simply condense it by partial reduction.
He seems in his consequence, pride, and conceit,
To be something that's truly immortal and great.
He breathes in his pride superficial desires.
And higher, and higher, ambition aspires;
He deigns not to ponder on Nature's fine plan,
Or think on his childhood, where nature began;

Or he deigns not to think he shall fall like a flower,
And lose the false form of his exalted power;
Become but an atom of Nature's fine laws,
'Neath the cold chilly sod shall his form decompose.

I turn me round, and wish to see expand
Some kindly patron with a helping hand:
I gaze and think, my eyes are dim with care,
My head it drops, I sink in deep despair.
No kindred hand is stretch'd to give me stay,
I hope and fear, till time it pass away;
And disappointments' bleak and blasting storm
Returns again, and withers up my form,
Till the dark form of suicidal pain,
Is grasp'd with vigour, till returns again
A stroke of reason; then I pause and sigh,
And grieve that I am not allowed to die.
Ye Gods, if such, why torturing anguish give?
'Tis not for pleasure, but for pain I live.

BEAUTEOUS WOMEN.

Oh, freaky Nature, in thy cunning,
What a satire thou's at heart!
In perfecting "beauteous Women,"
Thou displays thy master art.

In compacting wit and folly,
Love and cunning in one gem;
Could we think that ought so bonny,
Ee'r would have the art in them.

Could we think such sweet materials,
Now embracing such a form;
With flashing eyes behold your lover,
Now a threatening thunder storm.

In that pleasing Angel-sweetness,
Happiness for to enjoy,
That intoxicating greatness,
Youth and wisdom's sweet alloy.

Beauty, wisdom, wit, and meekness,
Freely blended can you find,
In thy art, oh, Nature's greatness!
That perfection in the mind?

Oh! how oft the fairest flower,
Drawn by nature in each part,
Stings the smile of social hour,
Drags the tear out from the heart.

Why have form'd that fair creation?
Nature thou hast done amis!
Thou's disgrac'd thy master station,
In a princely cause like this.

True they are man's sweet companion,
Yet they're oft his bitter foe;
In one moment gives enjoyment,
And for hours gives us woe.

True they kill the lounging coward,
Makes the man the warrior bold;
Peace would fill the whole creation,
If they'd not a tongue to scold.

Once oh Nature! from thy creature!
He petitions—hear his plan!
Thy bounteous laws—oh, change their features,
Alter quickly if thou can.

Give the woman lasting beauty,
Love, and wisdom when she's young;
Give her kindness—mark thy duty!
When she's angry hold her tongue.

A LAMENT O'ER THE GRAVE OF A DEAR AND LAMENTED FRIEND.

Like the beautiful flower that's nipt by the frost,
Or the oak by the Woodman is slain,
Thou art gone, while we mourn for the friend we have lost,
And below the grave stone thou art lain.

We may shed the salt tear till our eyes they be dry,
We may mourn o'er remembrance a while,
But we ne'er can recall the dear hours gone by,
The blithe moments we wished to beguile.

We ne'er can recall—thou art closed in death,
How cruel is death to the brave?
Yet this soul it will mourn, tis its last rotal turn,
E'er it buries its thoughts in the grave.

By the stone that will stand o'er thy ashes and tell,
To the stranger, thy worth and thy age,
I have carved and sat as the silent tear fell,
And shall sprinkle again on this page.

I have lost in thy worth, what was dearest—a "friend,"
Though few for to lose there may be;
I have nighly lost all, and I hope for the end,
When forgot I'm laid lowly as thee.

Again shall remembrance, again and again,
As we gaze where thou used to stay,
Recall to this breast that now heaves with its pain,
The dear hours that are far fled away.

I will mourn o'er thy grave, in my soul I will mourn,
Thou art gone in thy pride, and thy bloom;
And, alas! I may say, for I know not the day,
When as lowly I'm laid in the tomb.

DESPONDENCY.

Oh! Who in silence, here so lowly,
(Spurn'd by every breeze,)
Could bear oppression, though 'twere slowly,
And still live at ease?
Freedom bound in fate's oppression,
Dreading woes of ill discretion;
Mortal memory's weighty session,
Where's the joy can please?

Travelling through the gulf of misery,
  Woes on every side,
Viewing bright the stars of memory
  Roll'd in yonder tide;
There I dream of sweetest blisses,
Fairer still the angel kisses,
Recollection stops and hisses—
  Joys disperse and hide.

Down among the brambles fetters,
  Hideous to relate;
There I view in ragged tatters,
  Scribes of future date;
Born away by noxtious swelling,
Poisonous breath in every smelling,
Awful to relate the yelling;
  There is ragged fate!

Through the thicket, there it whistles,
  O'er the ivy tree;
There the tiger in his bristles
  Loudly roars at me;
Huge the snake among the bushes,
Coil'd around the yielding rushes,
"Friend," I cry, and then he hisses,
  Cruel snake is he.

O'er each flower rising slowly,
  (Though it paler be)
Humble there in love I slowly
  Press it sweet to me;—
Fair, then, is the lovely flower,
Breathing soft in every shower,
Sweet companion of the hour,
  Silent on the lea!

Sweet is silence in the bosom
  Of the wearied heart;
Turbulence but mocks our sorrow,
  And banishes our art;
Thought upon our memory clinging,
Bulging, o'er each other springing,
Painting forms in music singing,
  All in wrath depart!

But woe is me! ye heaving thoughts,
Are wretchedness your train?
'Tis Recollection sallies forth,
And nourishes my pain;
Through every pore within my breast,
He crouching makes his gnawing nest,
And when he hears my heart at rest,
He chaunts another strain.

THE STORM.

'Tis winter yet, ill howls the weary wind,
The casements creek, the snow bars out the light;
The whivering building checks the thinking mind,
And day is fading to the gloom of night.

The chimney roars like thunders distant sound,
That glances transient on the listening ear;
And eery casts a lonely halo round,
That strikes the bold unconscious heart with fear.

The terrier barks loud at the shaking door,
Undoubtless forming footsteps in the blast;
While through the cracks the snow drives on the floor,
And forms a mountain of a hoary cast.

The wind is rising, and the skiftering snow,
Is whirled quickly o'er the frozen surf;
The stranger weary, in the night dark foe,
Lies down to perish on the frozen turf.

His weary limbs,—he thinks a little rest
Might ease the burden of his tired frame;
He sinks in sleep,—the stranger's weary breast,
Now leaving all, and all without a name.

Oh, weary thought! how many pictur'd fears,
Each heaving blast now paints upon the heart?
The stranger travelling in the bloom of years;
Friends for ever in the blast may part!

Sailors on the rolling main may be,
On board of ship not equal to the storm;
With sails upsplit—the masts plung'd in the sea—
A wind-blown hulk now in a naked form.

Still driving on, the waves are rolling o'er,
With hatches nail'd, she dives among the foam;
At every swell she's driving to the shore,
And the bold sailor dreads a watery home.

Should fate preside, and realize our fear;
An aching heart within me now could weep;
The sinking ship's now struck the rock-strewn pier,
And down headlong she gives the awful sweep.

And eery whistle from the rustling breeze—
Then all is silent with a death-like speck;
The waves are clos'd, up bubbling pops with ease,
Some well-known vestige of the sunken wreck.

What misery stills the warm, the feeeling heart,
Who mourns the transit of a storm-lost son;
A mother's tears in sorrowing rivulets roll,
Till dry the fountain of its source be done.

She backward looks when youth and jollity
Could pick the daisy on the flowery hill,
Could sport his pastime on the flowery lea,
And pity the insect others us'd to kill.

A gush of tears!—she forward weeping looks,
And sees her hope now staid in manly form;
He sighing leaves the pleasing hills and brooks,
On board of ship to face the thundering storm.

She paints his perils on the ocean deep,
She hears and sees him, looking to the shore,
But recollecting all—the awful sweep!
Unconcious crys, "we ne'er shall see him more."

How happy man, in the rough pestering storm,
If a mean Cot, the beggar's humble shed,
Should guard the weakness of thy mortal form,
A log-made fire and a humble bed.

For such as these, how sweet would be to those,
A mud-built Cot, with a coal warming fire;
The storm's yet raging, here we shall repose,
And hope our fears shall here likewise expire.

ON SEEING —— PASS BY MY COT WITHOUT SPEAKING.

How fair creation paints the fields,
With flowers all fair to see:
How sweet's the smile from every bush,
And birds sing from the tree.
The rising sun towards the west
Returns once and again;
The mist creeps up the sloping hills,
The dews rise from the plain.

Reclining leisurely aside,
The day's bright star to view,
Refulgent brightness rolling wide
In vapourating dew;
What locomotive strikes the ear,
That comes with heavy tread?
A female form—that form once dear,
Pass'd riding on a steed.

She turn'd her head once and she look'd,
But deign'd not for to stay,
She open'd not her pleasing lips,
But forward rode away.
How pale that cheek, that once did bloom,
When blushing I could tell,
The lovely thought that warm'd her breast,
We loving—lov'd so well!

How sunk's that eye!—that once bright eye!
Now dark its shade and dim,
That gausey cup of sparkling *love*,
I drank it to the brim.
I seiz'd the bowl—again, again,
I drank its lovely all,
I drank the dregs—the cup revers'd—
Alas! 'twas bitter gall.

Thou smiling lip, that kindly press'd
To lay my foolish fears,
Of future sorrows, grim and bleak,
Of past and passing years.—

That cheek I've kiss'd, and softly said,
" How soon thou'lt blush with scorn"—
How realiz'd were all my fears,
When thou wert from me torn.

That kindly heart, unstained with crime,
Could feel for every pain,
May sometimes yet, e'en with a sigh,
View o'er these scenes again;
May sometimes yet e'en with a tear,
Remember Nature's weak,
'Tis apt to err.—What tyrants pride
Can cause you not to speak?

What fault is mine? did I but know—
Unfortunate, it may seem—
Can there be friends? why surely not,
True friendship's all a dream.
You knew my heart when first we met,
That heart is still the same;
Though Fate may blast, it ne'er shall sink,
When *friendship's* lost a name.

While life holds fast—it may be short,
That fortitude shall live;
That parting hour—the tears of grief,
That hour I'll ne'er forgive.
I'll sweep remembrance from my mind,
True love shall find its grave—
Away, away, ye treacherous hours!
Ye ne'er were for the brave.

Away, away, ye gloomy fears!
Keep further from my heart,
Let rude ambitious iron tears,
Nay—friendship's, all depart!
Depart in peace, away ye fly!
Let pains die quick and fast;
When life is bitter, death is sweet,
He's kindest at the last.

A FRAGMENT.

You loving hearts, more kind than witty,
One sweet warning take from me,
Beauty rampant, knows no pity,
Pride, and poverty, ne'er agree.
The rosey-cheek, with curly ringlets,
Round her blue eyes sweetly play;
If you love those flowery primlets,
Hide it softly for a day.

Hide that heart that loves so fondly;
Stop the tongue that fain would tell,
The inward passions. Though so kindly—
Love can paint the picture well.
Press the hand you love sincerely,
Play with kindness by her side;
Tell not that you love her dearly,
Rouse not Woman's native pride.

TO LAURA.

Pray what is it my dear and lovely maid
Makes Women false? and Men so oft betray'd?
Pray is it Love, that steals into the mind?
Or, is it Wisdom makes you so unkind?
If it be Love—my hatred I'll confess;—
True Love's a traitor, and blind wisdom's less.

If I confess (what's true) that you are fair
With lovely cheeks, blue eyes, and curly hair;
Do I confess, (while Nature's been so kind
To dress you such, and leave poor man behind,)
That Nature reigns o'er us a tyrant still?
And Women though so lovely are but born to kill?

Can loveliness of form? and bright blue eyes?
A tyrant be in beautiful disguise?
Can lovely locks, and sparkling lips express
The tyrant still? and still be nothing less?
Can you not be dear lovely Angel still
The joy of Man? contentments every *ill.*

Must I confess that Beauty's such a go?
Why?—common causes tell us it is so—
You the Beauty—I the *victim's* lot—
By Nature's laws, despised and forgot;
Cruel Beauty! falsify thy state—
Nature's Love—but foolish *Habits* hate.

Pause and think, dear lovely Angel still,
You're Nature's child, and ne'er were made to kill;
Clothed with loveliness in every part,
Kind, with wisdom, generous in heart;
Love, for love,—all loveliness is bliss,
Then save me Laura, one sweet lovely kiss.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

What brutes are Men—what friends, what sires they be,
To rob their home—their children for a spree;
To rob—to curse—like tyrants act, and think,
For one brute purpose, only but to *drink;*
Cursed beverage thoughtless men destroy;
Though drown'd in madness, drink again for joy.

Wretched Fate must thou be blamed with this?
'Tis Man's free-will, his option does amiss:
A low, degraded, ill, misfortune's toy;
Blind to wisdom; worthless to destroy—
Ill corrupted, worthless vagrants still;
Rogues, and robbers, throng around the gill.

Worthless *Man!* degraded is thy state—
Hast thou not firmness? wilt thou not be great?
Canst thou not taste and leave again the bowl?
Does gingling glasses tickle to thy soul?—
Rap the tankard—heave again the quart;
Add one sting more unto thy wretched heart.

Degraded *Man!* luckless is thy strain;
Too well I know the drunkard's fevered brain;—
Shaking nerves—a deep and empty purse,
Credits lost—and dear character's worse—

His word is nothing—oh degrading *drink!*
Tis Hell if once he even deigns to think.

STANZAS

On a Few Lines by an Aspiring Poet, Imbued with Fanatical Superstition.

I've scan'd your lines, with sorrow for to think,
How man's expos'd beneath the fluid ink;
He strings his foppery, breathes his phantom strain,
Bewilder'd nonsense of his fevered brain;
Till "broom-stick"—Grandy-caped superstition
Drags his poet *mania* to perdition.

Pray what is *man*, if reason's not his guide?
He's but the brute whereon the parsons ride,
And seldom known to either kick or rear,
Or cast this cumbrous monster on his bier;
Have ages past? and murderous records told
The Parson villainy, and the weight of gold?

Have ages past, and conjuring tricksters died?
Have kingdoms vanish'd 'neath the tyrant's pride?
Have murderous villany—(Priestcraft's sable stay)
With rising nations quite been swept away?
'Tis foolish *man*—he's groveling in the dust;
Degraded mortal—there his reasons rust,

Oh dire delusion! he's a cursed foe!
Be yet a man, and strike the manly blow;
Clear superstition from your inward heart,
Give room to reason and the rogues depart;
Give smiles around you, fears are bare and dry;
Man's made to live, as well as form'd to die.

Your "spector" stands veil'd up in every clime;
What Nature's made, 'tis shown in form and time,
And asks but wisdom to define its laws;
The grand Alchymist of each altering cause;
Then dear aspirant ask thy reason still;
Has nature bound thee 'neath the Parson's quill?

SONGS.

THE BANKS OF THE WILLOW.

On the banks of the Tyne,
By the clear purly stream,
As I paus'd for to breathe
In the calm sunny gleam.
The murmuring Tyne,
And the bird's soothing mellow,
Were sweet pleasing sounds
On the banks of the Willow.
On the banks of the Willow,
The soft cooing dove,
All are sweet pleasing sounds
To the bosom of love.

By a bush down I sat,
As the leaves seem'd to sleep,
Or they hung down their heads
As if cause for to weep;
Not a breath seem'd to blow
To derange the soft yellow,
That painted the flowers
On the banks of the Willow.
On the banks of the Willow, &c.

Here is Nature, I sigh'd,
Without polish—what sweetness
Can outstrip this gay palace
Of natural greatness?

When a sound still more sweet
Stole along in its mellow,
That charm'd the whole life
On the banks of the Willow.
On the banks of the Willow, &c.

All the birds ceased to play
As the sounds stole along,
All was still, save the notes
Of this sweet Angel song;
Here I lay in amazement,
Not hoping to follow
Those sweet Angel sounds
On the banks of the Willow.
On the banks of the Willow, &c.

Here she paus'd, as she sung
The sweet words I could hear
As she trill'd the sweet notes,—
"How inconstant my dear;
Shall these locks, or these lips,
Or these flowers of the yellow,
Ne'er taste of the sweets
On the banks of the Willow?"
On the banks of the Willow, &c.

Like an idle spectator
Of something quite new,
As the sounds died away,
O, I stole quite in view;
Where her soft pleasing form
Lay in robes of the yellow,
In a sweet pleasing sleep
On the banks of the Willow.
On the banks of the Willow, &c.

To her arms then I stole
As she lay in her slumber,
And sweet kisses I gave her
Without any number;
She sigh'd, and she slept,
While I called her my Eliah,
And kiss'd her sweet lips
On the banks of the Willow.
On the banks of the Willow, &c.

The sun was declining
Far, far to the west,
When fair Ellah I rous'd
From her sweet flowery rest;
She sigh'd as she whispered—
"You'll think of your Ellah,
And meet me again
On the banks of the Willow."
On the banks of the Willow, &c.

THE BONNY WEE LASS.

In the midst of September, one clear afternoon,
With grand elevation I view'd the young moon;
My heart throbb'd within me,—I turn'd for to see,
'Twas the bonny wee lass of the wild mountain brea.

I bow'd to this angel, I offered my hand,
She pull'd off her glove in a menace so grand;
I gave her a kiss while I offered to see
My bonny wee lass to the wild mountain brea.

She says, my dear love, though the night it be cold,
I'd rather you'd leave me in the mountains of old,
Than any should see me in company with thee,
Expos'd to the blast on the wild mountain brea.

Am I such a vain thing then, I quickly did say,
That you're so afraid we'd be seen on the way;
Should the stars of the night make dissension a wee,
I would not leave my lass on the wild mountain brea.

So o'er her wee shoulders my plaidy I flung,
We trudg'd on together the night was but young,
At length we arriv'd, nigh her cottage to see,
It stood by a brook on the wild mountain brea.

She opened the door, no light there was seen,
She led me along to the curtains o' green;
A kiss then I gave her and press'd her to me,
So lovely, and sweet, on the wild mountain brea.

Her sweet tender bosom lay fond in my care,
I press'd on her love, while I call'd her the fair:
I vow'd I'd be constant—no other but she,
The bonny wee lass of the wild mountain brea.

The night pass'd so quickly, as though there had been
An improved motion to quicken the scene;
So sweet the emotion, my heart throbb'd awee,
To part with my lass on the wild mountain brea.

Again then I kiss'd her, she lovingly said;
"When will you return, love, my heart's now betrayed?"
"I soon will return, love, thy fond one to be,
In love to remain on the wild mountain brea.

So now in contentment her sweets I enjoy,
Old Hymen hath bound us I ne'er will deny;
The lass that I lov'd now is married to me,
The bonny wee lass of the wild mountain brea."

ELLEN ROE.

Some may sing of wars in Spain,
Some may sing of frost and rain;
Of the flowers that grow so fine,
Of good ale and sparkling wine;
Such as these I'll chaunt,—O no!
I'll sweetly sing my Ellen Roe.

Did you see my Ellen walk,
Did you hear my Ellen talk;
You would see her swaggering ease,
With a shape design'd to please;
With eyes the diamonds glittering foe,
So lovely is my Ellen Roe.

When for a kiss I sue in vain,
Sweet disputes arise amain;
In my arms I fold her sweetly,
From her lips I steal it neatly,
Closer to my heart I draw,
And kiss and love my Ellen Roe.

You who ride in phætons gay,
Rambling, gambling, life away;
Has your love my Ellen's heart,
Smiling nature without art?
Can her eyes the language show?
Love for love is Ellen Roe.

Where's the joys on sea or shore
That can yield me such a store;
She has arms as white as snow,
Round her eyes the ringlets flow,
Crowns or kingdoms would be low
Compar'd with thee my Ellen Roe.

You who love to rake and roam,
Far from sweethearts and your home;
If your lover she have charms,
Take her kindly to your arms;
Thus my rambling I'll forego,
And she shall be my Ellen Roe.

THE COMFORTS OF A HOME.

Come honest hearts and sing,
While the rafters they may ring,
Leave health in his jolly bounds to roam:
But when the heart is fu',
Let no deception woo,
But 'tis always provide for your home.

For if you have a wife,
For to comfort you through life,
Forget her not when she is left alone;
For your children they will mourn;
And they'll dance at your return,
And pleasure she will meet you at your home.

Should fortune and her wheel,
Wind your thread from off the reel,
And leave you in sorrow for to mourn;
Your wife with weeping heart,
To the last would take your part,
And would share within your bosom your home.

While your kindred they would run,
O'er the high hills like the sun,
And leave you to view the starry dome;
But your wife with sweetest love,
Would guard you as the dove,
And comfort you in poverty at home,

Or if that you should stay
In poverty's roughest way,
Like the Tartar in the desert for to roam;
Yet, still you might have joys
In the prattle of your boys,
Though they may run ragged at your home.

But when you're to the last,
And the hour is drawing fast,
When you to your covert must be borne;
She would by you lay her head,
And wish that she were dead!
That you and her might sleep in one home.

LINGEYCLOSE HILL.

On Lingeyclose hill, an old thatched cot
Rears its head to the west churly blast;
When the snow, and the hail, and the thunder roll down,
And the clouds and the tempest is past;
From the door now advance—but not wither'd age,
Or the costume of century's away—
'Tis beauty itself—fair Margaret of age,
She's the pride and the flower of the day.

Can yon cities where thousands of people reside,
In your vanity, splendour, and ease;
Yon ramparts so kingly where princes abide,
And where all are designed for to please;—
Compare with the cot—this old ancient abode,
That for ages hath tower'd in the storm;
Yet its old crumbling walls for a shelter provides
To the princes of beauty and form.

On carpets of state you sweet ladies of note,
You may prance with your diamonds and gold;
But give me sweet nature, her robes they are gay,
And her beauty revives when its old;

With the cot on the hill, on the mountain some sheep,
And the lass of the North country;
All the rest I would leave to the proud and the wise,
And a prince with my love I would be.

THE HAUGHS O' BROOM.

(Tune—Mary's Dream.)

How sweetly blows the whispering wind,
That pressing through the casements creep;
While down the grove the Tyne's clear tide,
The primrose, and the blue-bells weep;
Sweet warbling songsters charm the vale,
Their sylvan choirs fill the gloom,
But sweeter far, is yon dear lass
That smiles within the Haughs o' Broom.

When first her angel-form I saw,
Cold Eurus and the snow flakes flew;
On the crystal wreaths she seem'd to blow,
Like flow'rets dripping wet wi' dew;
She seem'd a rose-bud, from the bush,
All on the snow's white crest to bloom,
But now the summer's warmest blush,
Enjoys her in the Haughs o' Broom.

O sweet's the hour that's past and fled,
Remembrance brings't again to me;
When round her waist my arms I cast,
And fondly kiss'd my bonny she;
She spoke so sweet, her eyes o' blue,
Her lovely cheeks the roses bloom;
Those love-born hours away they flew,
And thought not on the Haughs o' Broom.

But now ye wiley hours are fled,
And love's sweet smile is far away,
Within my heart then you will chaunt
Your little wiles to make me gay;
Within my heart, again you raise,
Your love-born ditties in the gloom;
While my sweet lass is far away,
She's smiling in the Haughs o' Broom.

Then fare-you-well, ye rosy lips,
Which I have kiss'd with fondest glee;
And fare-you-well ye sparkling eyes,
That aye could look so kind to me;
Then fare-you-well, my charming lass,
Your lovely cheeks the roses bloom,
I'll think on thee till life doth pass,
My lassie in the Haughs o' Broom.

HER ANSWER.

Oh, what is this that I do hear;
Is it the blackbird on the tree?
Is that my lover's well-known voice,
That sings so mournfully of me?
Sure I have caus'd thy heart to bleed
Thou plaintive warbler of thy doom;
Within my breast my heart will plead
Thy lassie in the Haughs o' Broom.

Have I then soared down the glen,
As the swift gull dives for the main;
Did you not press me to your heart,
And whisper oft, "we'll meet again;"
You gave me kisses, soft and sweet,
But oh, to part it was my doom;
And oh, how oft I sigh to meet
My laddie in the Haughs o' Broom.

Will you then call me your dear lass,
And tell how kind our hearts could be,
When fondly folded in your arms,
You vow'd you had no love but me;
But men are false—they can be so—
They rob us of our rosey bloom;
Our hearts are kind, you always know,
And far you think the Haughs o' Broom.

How could your heart then bid "farewell,"
If your kind word but lov'd me so;
Though far between, true hearts can tell,
'Tis only death can part them O;

If you love me, my mountain swain,
I'd think each lot my happy doom;
Then haste, my love, ah, why remain,
And meet me in the Haughs o' Broom.

BOTH SINGING.

Now bless'd our hearts, our hands we'll join,
No more the distance shall us part;
One lovely kiss—ah, now you're mine—
I'll fondly press thee to my heart;
We'll hail the morning with our smiles,
The roses round our cot shall bloom,
And sweet contentment's nappy wiles,
Shall bless us in the Haughs o' Broom.

THE TIPLER'S RANT.

Let man that is merry,
Drink, drink, and be cheery,
For sorrow's a youth that is getting too bold;
Should bare-backed want,
Make siller grow scant,
The heart that is merry will never grow old.

So round in a bumper,
Make friendship a thumper,
And bid the ill clown that is knavish go by;
Let friendship and glory
Resume its victory,
Till hate like a rebel in misery die.

For why should the hour
That golden streams pour,
Be mix'd with the moments of revelry here?
Let us sing through the blast,
And forget what is past,
That strains of old England may always sound dear.

Let sons of the roll,
Who loves the reed bowl,
Be gallant and blithe in the fruits of their toil;
Let heart-feeling sorrow
Be dead on the morrow,
As now they're drowned in the juice of our spoil.

Let dull fleeting notion
Strike off its devotion,
And resume the garb of a heart that is free;
Till grand filial beauty
Be lost on its duty,
I transient relation to hover a wee.

So round let us sing
Like the birds in the spring,
Success to the gallant though he may be poor;
We've a pint for to pour,
That slackens the stour,
Long may we have such if we starve at the door.

ANDREW CRAIG.

O did you see Andrew Craig, Jinny?
O did you see Andrew Craig, my hinny?
With a web on his back,
And a very large pack,
And he's stolen my grandmother's cloak and a guinea,
He's stolen my grandmother's cloak and a guinea.

How came he to steal this cloak, my Jinny?
I'm fear'd you've been kissing this Craig, my hinny;
For fear I should die,
I'll not tell you a lie,
O he kiss'd me, and hugg'd me so fond and so funny;
Why, I lent him the cloak, but he's stolen the money.

How came he to steal your money, my Jinny?
I'm fear'd you've been kissing this Craig, my hinny:
If the truth I must tell,
O he kiss'd me so well,
Why, I gave him the guinea for luck and good fun,
And he told me he'd marry me sure as a gun.

O when did he promise to marry you, Jinny?
Was the guinea to buy you a ring, my hinny?
O yes, that is plain,
And he told me again
That he'd meet me last night with the ring for to wed;
But what vexes me worst, we were not put to bed.

O then were you married last night, my Jinny ?
And why were you not put to bed, my hinny ?
O yes, you must know,
He kept teasing me so,
It was all for the money,—I'd none it was plain,
So I'm fear'd that I ne'er shall see Andrew again.

THE MIND'S RAMBLE O'ER THE WORLD.

Though I stay in my room,
And I ride or I go not ;
And the hail-beating storm,
It may beat for I know not ;
On the chariot of the mind
O'er the ocean I soar,
And I view the fine land
Of yon far foreign shore.

In the Palace of the Prince,
On the downy beds I lie on ;—
In the African wilds
I can hunt the wild Lion ;
Spring the Tiger from the bush,
With his hideous roar—
See the bones of the Mammoth
Lying dried on the shore.—

In the Harem of the Turk,
For a night I can stay in ;
At the board of the Divan,
For an hour I can play in—
Sail the seas of the Ocean,
In the Steamers of war,
With this H—— exploding powder
Drive the Nations afar.

O'er the Empire of Celestials—
I can hover for to view it,
With their bald-pated sconces
All declaring that they knew it ;
That, the barbarian English
Would soon fly from their shore,
But upon the Celestials
Our guns they will roar.

For a pipe fill'd with opium,
And a bowl fill'd with tea in;
What cursed privations
Our poor soldiers must be in—
When you taste of the Indies
At the banquet, all is brave—
And you heave not a sigh,
To the *Sons* of the *Grave*,—

As I gaze on the forest,
Where the pine towering branches;
Or think on the roaring
Of the fearful avalanches;—
Oh, it pains me to think,
On the valiant, and the brave!
And to see the poor old Indian
Sitting calm by his grave.

Where the new sod is cut,
By the sons of the boldest;
While lowly he chaunts,
All his valour as the oldest:
Where so kindly they will kiss,
The big tears from his eye!
Then the tomahawk's uplifted,
The Old Indian must die!

O'er the land where there's freedom,
Let us look the wheel of motion;
Where true worth has its value,
That's the land of the ocean;
Where no *tilles* can enable,
Or no poverty stain our fame,
From this empire of the World
Let Old England hide her shame.

O'er London's noble City,
Let us now take a view o't;
For its spires may appear
To the heart that never knew o't;
On the Thames's rolling river
Swims the shipping of the tide,
With stores, and sparkling treasures,
So majestically they ride.

When I view all these things
From the height of my station,
And think of the wide spreading
Poverty of the Nation;
What are laws, but the ways
Of the wealthy, and the great?
What are taxes but the pride,
And debauchery of state?

Now Peel he may lecture,
And old Wellington may jeer us
With our poverty, and pains,
But, alas! they'll have to fear us;
When the pride, and the poverty,
Of Old England shall arise:
And our liberty's extoll'd
With our thunder to the skies.

THE TYNE'S PURLY STREAM.

Tune—"Light bonny moon."

When summers were fine, and my childhood at play,
And the trees in their foliage o' green;
And the blithe little birds with their voices so gay,
All so sweetly unite in the scene;
By the heckberrry tree, or the barberry bush,
Or the willow bush suiting my theme,
I have pull'd at the primrose, and heard the wild thrush,
On the banks of the Tyne's purly stream.

The days they were pass'd, and my childhood it flew,
Till aspiring bold manhood drew on;
Then love's pleasing arms painted roses quite new,
And the birds sung unnoticed alone;
The fair rosy cheek, and the blue smiling eye,
Were the hope and the joys of my dream;
Till the evening it stole,—and the hours pass'd by
On the banks of the Tyne's purly stream.

Now where are you fled, all you joys of the heart?
All you sweet little birds do you sing?
And, where is the eye that looked sad for to part?
And the flowers that all smiled in the spring?

They are gone! they are fled!—I shall see them no more!
And our sighs are all pass'd in the gleam!
Now cold is the heart that once wish'd to explore
The sweet banks of the Tyne's purly stream.

LAURA AWAY.

How green are the fields
With the rich swimming corn,
And the flowers round the grass flat
Are pleasing in the morn';
While the sweet little songsters
Are whistling on the spray—
Then I sit me down and think,
Then I sit me down and think,
Then I sit me down and think
Of my Laura away.

Did my Laura but see me,
How harmless I can play
With the smiles of the morning,
When she is away;
With the humming of the bees,
And the butterfly's so gay—
Then I sit me down and think, &c.

What gives me more pleasure?
What gives me more pain?
When I draw to the fireside
The old chair again,
Where my Laura would sit,
When we harmlessly did play—
Then I sit me down and think, &c.

Oh, when my dear Laura
Again shall I see;
O long seems the time
Since she parted frae me.
With her sweet pleasing eyes
All so lovely and so gay—
Then I sit me down and think, &c.

O haste, my dear Laura,
Oh! come but again,
So fondly I'll embrace thee
If thou will't remain;
I will kiss thy lovely cheeks,
On thy bosom I will lay—
Then I sit me down and think, &c.

Now Laura she's come,
And I have her in my arms,
Would princes not begrudge me
Those sweet and lovely charms?
I will kiss thy smiling lips,
On thy bosom I will lay.
So now I will not think,
Of my Laura away.

THE TYRANTS OF ENGLAND.

(A RADICAL SONG.)—1840.

Where, oh where, is England free?
Where is glorious liberty?
Rude oppression—thou art he,
That guides the Tyrants law—laddie.

Down thou bends the noble soul,
Freedom's laws for to control,
Tyranny brings the poisonous bowl
Of wretchedness and awe—laddie.

Where is slavery and pain?
Have they broke the binding chain?
Africa resounds again—
We have set you free—laddie.

We have paid some million's score,
Now our debt's increased to more,
British Islands give me core,
Where's our slavery—laddie?

Where's our shackles? where's our chains?
Where's our recompence for pains?
Roaring guns and bloody plains,
That's the domineer—laddie.

See the forked spear advance,
See the heads upon the lance.
For liberty you see your chance,
If you persevere—laddie.

Death now stares on every hand,
See the cowards give command,
You must fight for wealth or land,
Lordly honours dear—laddie.

You must brood the chance of fate,
Fight for slavery and state,
Kill your friends for ought that's great,
That's the way to spear—laddie.

You must swear that you'll obey,
And drive the Radicals away,
Curse your liberty and aye,
Slavery's so dear—laddie.

You must save the cloak, the gown,
Support the Lawyer and the Crown,
Till tyranny draw Old England down,
Its dissolution's near—laddie.

What is Church? or what is state?
False in every form that's great,
Honour now is turn'd to hate,
Poverty's so low—laddie.

What is reason? none is told,
All is wisdom, if it's gold,
Poverty sright is never sold,
Meet the tyrant foe—laddie.

Will you tyrants now uphold?
Will your poverty be so bold?
Slavery, your're bent to hold,
Wretchedness for thee—laddie.

Will you leave your wife so dear?
Will you leave your kindred near?
You have nothing—what's to fear?
Guard your liberty—laddie.

Pull intimidation down,
Shake the banner and the crown,
Till base oppression smile a frown,
That is reason's law—laddie.

Let the poor in one unite,
There's no cause, no cause to fight,
Claim, ah claim, old England's right!
Down! ah down! the foe—laddie,

JOCK AND MOLL.

Tune—"Robin Tomson's Smiddy."

One night as slyly Jock and Moll
Sat talking by the fire,
Says Jock to Moll "slip on my coat,
And run into the byer;
The horned cow is at her lift,
Fye Moll, why are ye sleeping!
Fye, run, ye drowsy, lazy jilt,
There's bonny war at steaking."
Sing fal de ral, &c.

Says Moll to Jock, "the wind is whish't,
I hear nought for such hurry,
If you're so sharp, be off my Jock,
Or faith I think ye'll worry;
But to be short and tell you plain,
My Jock you're quite mistaken;
The breeches I intend to wear
Or leather you your bacon."
Sing, &c.

Old Jock was mad to see his wife
Just wave the sceptre o'er him;
He nobly swore he'd lose his life
But he'd have sweet decorum;
He flung his breeches on the floor,
"Now rise thou brawling sinner,
The first that gits out at the door
I vow shall be the winner."
Sing, &c.

While thus he spoke, he gave a spring
All for to try his mettle;
He struck his foot against the cat,
And flew right o'er the kettle;
But Moll was quick to see the fun,
And lap by Jockey sprawling;
She caught the breeks, away she ran,
While Jockey he lay bawling.
Sing, &c.

Now Jock was mad to think he'd lost
The breeches now for ever;
He spang'd and lap, away he ran,
His heels were lish and clever;
He by the stacks—about the barn,
And o'er by Grand's cawsey;
He spang'd the dykes, away he ran,
And down by Betty Fawsey's.
Sing, &c.

Now Moll was plying fast her feet,
Though dark it was and dreary,
She aimed fair for Raddle-burn
Not thinking to be weary;
She canter'd down the bonny burn,
Away past Andrew Feeches,
And there she spy'd her Jockey lad
Quite naked of his breeches.
Sing, &c.

Now Moll she stood a bonny speck,
To see Jock's ghost appearing;
But worse when it began to speak,
Crying, "Moll, what is th' fearing?"
She dropt the breeks, away she ran,
Straight back both fast and clever,
While Jockey gathered up the breeks
Crying, "better now or never."
Sing, &c.

But time was not for to be lost,
Thought Jock within his noddle;
He ply'd his heels, away he ran,
As fast as he could toddle;

He lap the dykes and o'er the fields,
Though dark it was as ever,
He landed back before his Moll,
And scamper'd in so clever.
Sing, &c.

But soon his Moll came clattering in
And fainted on the floor,
Thought Jock, this is my holy time,
I'll up and bar the door;
He seiz'd a broom, while aye he curs'd,
The pastures, bogs, and ditches;
Cri'd he, "good Moll, I'll bang thy hide,
For stealing of my breeches.
Sing, &c.

Now Jock he stood a warrior bold,
His weapon to the ceiling;
While aye he look'd in Molly's face
He thought that death was stealing;
She gave a gape, a gant, a stare,
A fidget and a whiver;
He cries, "Oh dear! O Moll! O Moll!
Do not leave me for ever."
Sing, &c.

Now Moll is risen from the floor,
And Jock is wondrous cheery,
Says she, "I'll quit the breeks for aye
If you'll still be my deary;"
"So you have said, my Molly dear,
Then we'll to bed and mend it;"
So now to leave this happy pair
On Byers-fell we'll end it.
Sing, &c.

GALLANT PEARSON.

Come listen to my merry song,
All you that love to hear
The sound of hound and horses,
All free from dread or fear;

I'll sing you of bold Pearson,
Who had servants at his call,
And a pleasant situation
Called Unthank-little-Hall.

This Unthank it's a bonny place,
And stands beside the Tyne;
'Tis planted round with flowers,
And buds of every kind;
'Tis free from all deception,
Wherever it may be:
And yet its gay perfection
Doth behold to every tree.

But this gay seat of pleasure
As I do understand,
Did once belong to a young squire,
A native of our land;
He rambled in debauchery,
And Robert's gold did pay,
Until his lands they were condemned
And death took him away.

So then 'tis noble Robert range
The country all around:
For he had hares in numbers
To exercise the hound;
Likewise he'd game for shooting,
Through Coanwood he would run,
O'er hills, and dales, and mountains,
All with his dogs and gun.

O then in gallant order
All things went brisk and fine,
No lord with gayness more complete
Could stand upon the Tyne;
He had horses for to ride on,
A hunting he would go,
With a good pack of harriers
To spread his darling show.

So thus for years in numbers
He gallop'd o'er the ground

With horsemen and bold footmen
To raise the jovial sound;
He'd a huntsman deck'd in order,
And whipper-in also;
With sounding voice and holloo
He smashed to-and-fro'.

For many a day with wearied limbs
I've followed him around;
O'er moor, and moss, and beacon,
While woods and vales resound;
Likewise o'er canny Coanwood,
And through old Blacksheal-bogs,
With sick'ning heart and weary speed
I've followed up his dogs.

And all round Plainmeller
I've seen him scamper wide,
With horse in gallant order,
And scarlet coat beside;
No sportsman in the hunting
Could take him at a view,
For quick he darted round
Like a sportsman brave and true.

But now our gallant hunting
To oblivion it hath fled,
The hounds they are all sold,
And the sport it is dead;
No more our hearts will rise
For to hear the jovial sound,
No horse will prance with motion
For to hear the yelping hound.

So now the little hare
She may scamper on the green,
She's free from dogs and horses,
No red-coats to be seen;
His coat of scarlet now is chang'd
Into the coat of grey;
Below the clod his hunting
Is mouldering now away.

So now farewell to Robert,
And his pleasing little hounds;
No more we'll see him scampering
With red coat o'er the grounds;
No more I fear such hunting
Will ever sound again,
To race the hare before us
On Coanwood-rashy-plain.

So round let's sing in chorus
Lamenting of the chace;
No days of pleasing merriment,
Or viewing of the race;
No hills, or dales, are bounding
The hunter's echoing sounds;
Farewell! O farewell,
To bold Robert and his hounds.

THE TYMPANY.

On Pinken's Brae a lassie liv'd,
Her good old mother's care,
Who lov'd the lads—how could you blame
A lassie when so fair?
Her cheeks were of the rosy hue,
So sweet the bloom to see,
But soon the blush began to fade
She got the tympany.

Her little waste began to rise,
The neighbours 'gan to say,
"Young Jenny's illness grows so fast
'Twill take her life away;"
But Mally o' the Cock-and-Spur,
Though many fools there be,
Cry'd, Jin will trip the maiden yet,
She's got the tympany.

But days and weeks began to pass,
The flower began to fade,
Young Jenny's sickness growing fast,
Upon the bed was laid;

Her father sigh'd, her sisters cry'd,
She knew not where to be,
Oh! mother! mother! sore I'm stress'd,
All with this tympany!

Her mother cry'd, the tears in vain,
Ran trickling from her eyes;
"Alas! alas! my daughter's gone,
How quick the moment flies;
Two Holland sheets, made of the best,
Does now belong to me;
I'll hae them wash'd to roll my lass,
That's got the tympany."

The neighbours round all came to see
This poor afflicted maid;
And for the doctor sent straightway
To crave his healing aid;
He came in haste—her father cry'd,
"'Tis hold your tears a wee,
The doctor's come, I lay my life,
He'll cure the tympany."

The doctor to her bed did strut
To see this maiden fair,
When presently a babe was heard
Which made them all to stare;
The lassie sigh'd, "a babe," she cry'd,
"That surely ne'er can be,"
O yes, the doctor faintly said,
'T has *prov'd* the tympany.

So now 'tis all you maidens fair,
Who love the "gown o' green,"
If you by chance should slip your foot,
And tumble o'er unseen;
Be sure to mark the *dying hour*,
When Doctors come to see—
But tell them all you're like the maid
That had the tympany.

HARRY MILBURN.

Tune of "Cappy's the Dog," &c.

Come lads that are merry, just help me to sing,
Let's clear up a lilt like the larks in the spring,
For why should we sit in the midst of our fun,
Begrudging the time that we never have won.
Well done Harry! O brave Harry!
Harry's the lad for the fun,—tally-ho!

Then why should we grumble though we may be poor,
Let hate and deception be barr'd to the door,
For while we've a friend, we'll perhaps have a foe,
But I'll live and be merry on Oakeyside Row.
Well done Harry! &c.

So blithely I live, and no hardship I fear,
The night I make pleasant with hugging my dear,
With my staff, and my plaid, o'er the hills I do roam,
With the dog at my heels through the flock travel home.
Well done Harry! &c.

No sheep has my master, but them all I know,
The long-horn'd, and crooked, before me do go,
Each ewe, tup, and wedder, I know them complete,
And if I but hear them I know the same bleat.
Well done Harry! &c.

Ne'er a Hugh on our common dare run forth his dog,
Nor if I behold him he'll land in the bog;
If he enters my bound'ry to disturb my sheep,
I'll give him a blow that will disturb his sleep.
Well done Harry, &c.

So now my good fellows who live on our brae,
Come join then with Harry, be noble and free;
Let fools that are dozent, sit doleful and mourn,
But never will I while I'm Harry Milburn!
Well done Harry! &c.

THE ROSE AMONG THE DEW.

As I walk'd out one morning,
Down by yon water clear,
Where round each blade was standing,
All clad with dewy tear;
O then, while I stood viewing
The wriggling stream run by,
I cast my eyes around me
To see what I could spy.

O then, I spy'd my darling,
Come tripping down the green,
I stood all in amazement
To think whom I had seen;
I stepp'd up to my jewel,
"May morning's sweetness cheer
And bless thy early walking,
Since I have met thee here"

I flung my arms around her,
To kiss her smiling cheek,
She said, "My dear, be civil,
For fair ones are but weak;
With their blue eyes, their rosy cheeks,
Their dangling locks also,
So now have care, my ploughman,
While I do with you go."

"My dear, the sun is rising,
"We'll down on yonder green:"
I roll'd my love all in my arms,
While we lay quite unseen;
The sun rose o'er the mountain,
The dew it left the plain,
So thus I kiss'd her rosy lips
Again, and again.

While we lay lock'd in lovely bonds,
And time did past us fly;
The hour it seem'd but moments flown,
And cloudless was the sky;

The pretty flowers around did hang
To deck the sylvan room,
I pull'd the prettiest of them all
And robb'd it of its bloom.

I said, "my dearest darling
Thou seest this lovely bud,
I've pull'd it from its native stem
'T has left the nourish'd wood;
Those leaves that now are blooming
Will soon be in decay,
So thus the gayest flower
In time will fade away."

And when I had done speaking,
I threw it on the ground,
She leant her head upon my breast,
"'Tis now the truth I've found,
For this forbodes young women
Like flowers they are cut down,
Their beauty's cropt while blooming,
'Tis scattered all around."

So thus with head reclining,
The tears ran trickling down,
I kiss'd her cheeks, her lovely locks
Hang dangling all around;
I said, "my lovely fair one,
It's do not think I chide,
I'd love thee while I wander
Down by this water side."

O then, with trembling motion,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And "Oh!" she says, "my darling,
Think on the flower that's dead;
You've cropp'd the bonniest flower,
The sweetest that e'er blew,
Remind, and not forget, my dear,
The rose among the dew."

So then I kiss'd her little chin
And roll'd her in my arms,

I vowed that I would love her
To embrace the nuptial charms;
We kiss'd, we kiss'd, we parting kiss'd,
I vowed I'd still be true,
And ever since I've loved the flower
That faded on the dew.

NOW LAURA'S LEFT THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Now Laura's left the mountain side,
And cold now beats the wintry rain;
Now Laura's left the mountain side,
I'm fear'd we ne'er shall meet again!

Now darkly hangs the scowling blast,
On Tindale moor it seems to stay;
Ye rosy hours, ye joys are past,
Since Laura she's gone far away.

No more those lovely blue eyes charm,
No more their silent language tell,
Sweet innocence that knew no harm
Did in her lightsome bosom dwell.

No more those cheeks of rosy hue
Shall I again so fondly kiss;
No more those charms of loveliness
Shall drown my soul in purest bliss!

No more her playful hands shall glide,
And with my locks so fondly toy;
No more so lovely by my side
I'll kiss thy dewy lips with joy.

O no!—no more!—now Laura's gone!
Her joys, her smiles, were all my store;
A kindly heart now sighs alone,
And we shall meet perhaps no more!

ROGER AND MARY.

A mountaineer clad in his robes of the forest,
Cried "where is my Mary, come tell unto me ?"
"Thy Mary ne'er seek, she far, far is going,
By this time she's sailing upon the wild sea."

"Thou base-stricken wretch in anger I hear thee,
My Mary is hid by some wretch of the shore;
My pike to chastise thee, thou ill roving lubber,
Thy life from thy body I quickly shall gore."

"My life from my body—I know thee young Roger,
No rashness I pray make us savage or bold;
Like a warrior away I cast my old doublet
And take my steel weapon whose edge yet is cold."

"Step forward," cried Roger, "no more of your jarring;"
Each gallant stood parrying in watch of his foe;
But Roger's bold arm play'd quicker and keener,
Till stunn'd to the ground the bold ruffian lay low.

"Now, now, thou bold fellow," again cried Roger,
"Confess ere thou die thy ill life for to save;
For now I shall wander the wild world over
To find my dear Mary or weep o'er her grave."

"O no ! bravest Roger, I know of thy Mary,
She's now in my tower high rear'd to the sky;
To lose that sweet smile, oh then would I rather—
Step forward young Roger and cause me to die."

"Beware of the blow, now the pike is uplifted !
A moment, I say, and thou breathes then no more!"
"Hold ! hold!" cried Randel, "I'm yet thy dear brother;
You thought I'd been dead on some far distant shore.

"I return'd to this Isle with a cargo of treasure,
On the coast a bold pirate attacked us so bold;
But our brave little fellows soon silenced his anger,
And there your sweet Mary a prisoner I found.

"I loved the blue eyes of the sweet little stranger,
I ask'd for her hand, but she answer'd me—no;

She sigh'd, as she wept for the heart of young Roger,
That travell'd the hills with his spear and his bow."

"Rise up! come rise up!" then so boldly cry'd Roger,
And by the sweet daisy he threw down his spear;
"You have sav'd my sweet Mary,"—they then hugg'd each other
And cry'd "my own Brother you're still to me dear."

"You have gain'd my dear Mary," again cried bold Roger,
"Go home and relate that I'm cold in the grave;
Here's the half of the ring that we parted asunder—
Farewell to sweet Mary and Randel so brave!"

He took his long bow, and his spear, and was going,
But Randel caught hold and yet forc'd him to stay,
"Sweet Mary is thine—she is free from all other,
And half of my lands I will give you this day."

Now Roger and Mary, so lovely together,
Do live in a cottage close by the way side,
Where the rose-bushes smile in the bloom of the summer,
And sportive wee birds whistle sweet in their pride.

Now long may they live in the cot by the meadow,
And long may their children sport on the brae;
And long may they dwell in contentment together,
And sleep the long sleep on the flowers of the lea.

TODDLEWOOD BURN.

Come lads, and come lassies, heigh up for the sport,
Let's round in a bumper our hearts now resort:
We'll caper and skip, wi' mirth and good fun;
We'll all go together o'er Toddlewood Burn.

The evening is pleasant, the sun's on the hill,
The dew-drop so cheery the rose for to fill;
The sweet bonny lasses we'll walk by the turn,
And cannily guide them o'er Toddlewood Burn.

The lark he is singing so sweet you may hear,
The ringwhistle's chirping our hearts for to cheer;
Fill each heart a bumper, no cause for to mourn,
And let us be joyful o'er Toddlewood Burn.

Chill Winter is fled with its cold icy breeze,
No weary winds whistle the hills for to freeze;
The gay spreading summer, fair flowers return,
To spread the gay margin of Toddlewood Burn.

We'll trip o'er the grass by yon fair willow bush,
And list to the notes of the sweet singing thrush,
His song is so pleasant, you'll ne'er rue the fun
To kiss your dear lassie by Toddlewood Burn.

Come then let's together all pad o'er the lea,
And arm in arm gently we'll steal by the brae:
The night shall be welcome when we may return,
To guide our dear lasses o'er Toddlewood Burn.

To home then so cheery we'll pass the sweet night,
We'll woo our dear lassies, their cheeks we will dight,
We'll kiss, and we'll cuddle, embrace them in turn,
And guide them when willing o'er Toddlewood Burn.

Long spread thy fair bosom, thou sweet running stream,
With flowers of the fairest thou sun-setting beam;
We aye shall remember in love to return,
To kiss our dear lasses by Toddlewood Burn.

THE SNOW NOW IS COMING.

The snow now is coming, I see by each mountain,
Old Crossfell is capped now with a white cloud;
The day it looks misty, the cold frozen fountain
Makes fingers to dinnel and hearts tap aloud.

The hoar-frost, I see, lies quite low in the valley,
Where leaves that are fallen lie strew'd on the ground;
Through the tree's naked figure the keen whistles sally,
And each added bustle cries, "winter is found."

Ne'er a token I see, but it makes me remember
The hills in the winter all covered with snow;
The moor-cock so common, he flies o'er the heather,
And makes to the lowlands in fear of the blow.

The grey-breasted plover with whirls are mounting,
To search for the bent-nap with clamorous ring;
The snipe, and the woodcock, draw near to the fountain,
As fish in the autumn dive near to the spring,

"The burns they are trotting," o'er cobble-stones freezing,
The ringwhistle's mute as he sits by the brea;
"No linnet sings bonny, no lark whistles pleasing,
But round all is sadness and sorrow to me."

For it's over yon rock where the ivy is creeping,
How bare the old stump to the blast standing bold;
The rook on its summit with hoarseness is weeping,
"The wind's blowing keen, and the frost it is cold."

The blackbird with sadness the leaves he is turning,
All nutriment seeking below the wild thorn;
Ne'er a chirp, nor a whistle, but sadly he's mourning,
For summer and freshness again to return.

The hard-feathered cushat has no thought of cooing,
The hare she runs light o'er the wild frozen lea,
No hearts fair and lovely in glens they are wooing,
Old Neptune is toss'd on the ice-frozen sea.

Long, long, we'll remember the dark days of winter,
When summer's gay flow'rs spread around on the brae,
And long we may look for the blithe blinks of summer,
When playful wee lammies do sport on the lea.

How long we may look at the icicles hanging
And wish the dark days of cold winter away;
How blithely we'd kiss all the sweet little flowers
That smile on the breast of a fine summer's day.

How dark hangs the tempest, the clouds they are scowling,
And down begins trickling the white flaky snow;
The wind 'gins to rise, o'er the roof it is howling,
And every thing threatens us now with a blow.

Like the birds we will sing to forget all our sorrow,
And think of the winter's cold blast then no more;
And may the sweet smiles of the next blooming summer
At every man's cottage find plenty in store,

ELLEN O' THALE.

"O will you go over the Moor, young man?
Will you go over the Moor, young man?
I've a neat little cot, on a canny wee spot,
And I'm dowey o' sitting my lane, young man."

"O what is the wage you will give me, then?
And as for the term, I will tell you when,—
On Martinmas Day, I will look for my pay,
And over the Moor I will leave you then"

"O what is the wage you will ask of me?—
Have you not a bonny wee lass to see?
I will give you a day, at times to play,
And then you'll come whistling over the lea."

"As for my wage, I think it is ten,
And you must give me a crown to spen';
But I have no lass for to toast in my glass,
Young Ellen was false, and we parted then."

She pull'd out her purse nigh filled with gold,
And on to her lily-white hand she told;
"I'll pay you before, and here's something more,
To drink to your Ellen a health so bold."

"Put up your gold, again, my lass,
And I will drink your health in a glass;
Young Ellen was free for to part with me,
So here is to every sweet girl we pass."

He saw by her cheek that was lovely and pale,
He saw by the blush that was telling its tale,
He saw by the tear, that now dropp'd from his dear,
That it was his lovely young Ellen o' Thale.

Then lovely young Ellen he pressed to his heart,
And swore by his days that they never would part;
To tell of their joys, it would be a long tale,
He's now the dear Husband of Ellen o' Thale.

THE UNFORTUNATE YOUTH'S LAMENTATION FOR HIS LAURA.

Oh, cruel fate, how couldst thou part,
And tear that angel from my breast?
When Laura leaves me, cold's my heart,
And cruel dreams disturb my rest:
I think upon those rapturous hours,
When Laura by my side would play;
I think upon those lovely powers
That stole my bleeding heart away.

I think upon that lovely cheek,
Imprinted with the kindest kiss;
That rosy lip could kindly speak,
Yet banish far each thought of bliss;
Again I mourn my hapless lot,
And wipe the tear-drop from my eye,
When Laura has me long forgot,
In wretchedness I'll think on thee.

I think I see a starting tear
Now rising in my Laura's eye;
Why should my Laura's thoughts be drear,
O let that lovely cheek be dry;
Think not that 'tis fortunes toying,
Spurn my destiny with a sigh;
Weep not Laura—life's enjoying—
The bravest, and the lovely die.

'Tis my destiny!—cruel destiny
Robs my sorrowing soul of thee;
Though I'm wretched—bound in sorrows,
Why should Laura mourn with me?
Why should that dear lovely bosom
Heave one moment with its pain?
Why should not thy rosy blossom?
Smile dear Laura, smile again.

'TWAS O'ER THE LONG MOOR, &c.

(Tune—Lucy's Flitting.)

'Twas o er the long Moor, from the banks of the Allan,
Young Bessy so blithe came to live on our brae;
So blithesome and bonny the rose of the Allan,
And kind was the blink o' her bonny blue e'e,
Our lassies they stared for to see her so bonny,
And strove in each beauty some flaw to impart;
Our lads they sat mute and ne'er talked of onny,
But sadly trudg'd home with a pain at the heart.

What need our wee lassies be jealous of beauty,
But strive to be kind, aye good-humour'd and free:
For nature so funny, plays freeks in her duty,
And hardly makes one that will please above twe;
But Bessy so bonny, is lovely to onny,
She trips aye as light as a lamb on the green;
Had Nature ne'er painted a one half so canny,
We never would known what is blithe to be seen.

Your high tipped dames they may brag o' their learning,
Or lover-catch cunning, or ought that you please;
But give me the smile of sweet nature's adorning,
And love, and simplicity, always at ease.
No grand artificials—her cheeks are so bonny,
No flowers of the valley with them can compare;
No gold rings or diamonds to grace her has onny,
Without them she always is blooming and fair.

But ah, to my sorrow, how hard for to tell it,
Young Bess will soon leave us again on the brae;
What cursed hard fortune, what good can be in it?
To force away Bessy fra' friends, and fra' me?
In the long winter night, when the cards we will shuffle,
We'll think on the eye that once smiled at our play;
Or o'er the reed bowl, we will heave of the bottle,
And drink to the lassie that's far far away.

THE BEGGING SOLDIER.

'Twas at our door one winter night,
When it was cold and blowy;
A beggar bold in ragged plight,
Sung up though it was snowy;
He shook the white drift from his head,
Crying "pity now a stranger,
Who's fought the living o'er the dead
And braved every danger.

"I've sail'd the seas from shore to shore
When stormy winds were blowing;
I've heard the polar tempest roar—
The frosty bite and snowing;—
I've seen the hungry polar bear,
And slain him with my hanger;
I've seen the ship the icebergs near,
And landed out of danger.

"I've heard the cannons thunder roar,
And the shrill tempest sounding,
The horn, the flute, and the big drum,
The dying war-cry drowning;
The valiant, and the brave, I've seen
Lie dying as the stranger;
Tho gallant steeds thrown on the green
All in the hour of danger.

"I've fought the foe-man in the van,
When clouded smoke flew o'er us:
With streaming daggers; man to man,
The cloud of death before us;
The setting sun went slowly down,
The night-cloud-covered ranger
Trod o'er me in the field of death,
And I lay out of danger.

"Now from the field of cruel wars,
Or from the roaring ocean,
The soldier brave with bloody scars,
Discharged with emotion."

" Behold in me," again he cried,
" The soldier and the stranger
Whose hoary locks and empty purse
Shows want is all the danger.

" Now bound to beg, to trudge, or starve,
From door, to door I wander,
My youthful pride, and soldier brave,
Cloth'd in the beggar's grandeur.
No friend have I, no heart to sigh,
But the kind-hearted stranger ;
I welcome cry, the hour draws nigh,
The last great king of danger."

THE WINTER GLOOM.

Sharp is the frost, when summer's lost,
The wintry wind blows chill ;
Sad winter's form prepares his storm,
The sky looks black and ill.

The day's broad glare, makes fields look bare,
The bent seems withering old ;
The clouds o'ersweep the mountains steep,
The wind blows sharp and cold.

Far's fled the day, when lambs did play,
O'er daisy hills they flew ;
But now the wood has lost its bud,
Where sung the linnet true.

But what makes me so wondrous be
To hear no 'birdy' sing,
When winds that blow smell cold as snow,
And wintry whistle's ring,

But happy lot, who's made a cot
For such, and such as we ;
While beggars stare with limbs so bare,
Through cold and frost they flee.

But we sit snug, some o'er his jug,
Not dreading fate's career;
Though poor indeed, but free fra' dread
Till storms they disappear.

So now in stour may winter pour,
And make the snow-flakes fly;
Till hills, and dales, and low-spread vales,
In mounted wreaths do lie.

But soon the spring will pleasures bring
The sultry sun draw near;
So now we'll sing, in hopes to bring
The summer's smile so dear.

BYWELL OLD WEIR.

Ye mountaineers brave, who love to be valiant,
Your fortune, your freedom, still wish to employ;
Lament now with me o'er our grand curling river,
Bow down o'er the streamlets which we now enjoy.

Lament o'er the bar that keeps the fry from us,
At Bywell you'll find the obstruction severe;
There's the ill-fetter'd bounds that bar up our fishing,
Down, down you will find it at Bywell Old Weir.

You bold strains of *honour*, could you be so cruel,
To hoard from the moorlands the flocks of the main?
Could you then us rob of ancestors fuel?
The pleasure of sporting—the pride of their gain?

Could you raise the walls of that barrier of freedom,
And throw the ill weir cross the grand purling stream;
How mournful to see the fleeting fish diving,
And striving to rise o'er the block-paved beam;

How sad when we stand by the banks in the dawning,
To view the grand stream sweetly rilling below;
How sad for to see no salmon-fish spawning;
The pride of our country, the sting of our woe.

How crusted's the lister our forefathers wielded ?
The torches and hooks they are heard of no more ;
We lazy lie snug while the snow-flake is shielded,
No *wispies* are seen by the Tyne's ruble shore.

How still lies the arm that once struck with vengeance,
The grand wither'd weapon that lies in decay !
How calm now's the heart, that panting past moments
Of hunting the salmon in fine gallant play !

Now lost they are gone to the rest of the weary,
"Salmon-tails" lashing shall wake them no more ;
How pain'd then are we with hearts chill and eery,
To look and remember the pride we adore.

Lament then with me thou clear rilling current,
How sad hangs the willow that sprouts on thy shore ?
How clear is thy bosom thou clear gliding rillet ?
Pour, pour down thy floods and I'll ask for no more.

Pour, pour down ye streams,—ye clouds of the mountain,
Rise all in unity, sweep the rough storm ;
Descend like the lava that flows from the fountain,
And leave no remains of an ill shatter'd form !

Sweep to the sea that grand wier of envy,
And let the fleet salmon swim up to the hills,
From the mountains of Crossfell, to meet the tides eddy,
Let freedom, (sweet pleasure) long live at her wills.

Then round we may sing of the flooded destruction,
The fish from their bondage release having gain'd,
Round a fair flowing bowl we will pray for our nation
In such an edict never more to be stained !

THE LANDS BELOW.

I once had a love, and and they called her Jean,
But now she is from me gone ;
I once had a lass, and they call'd her Bess,
But now in truth I have none.

I once had a heart that was "leal," and true,
But now it is sunk in woe;
Wherefore it is now, what must I do,
But live in 'the lands below!'

I once had what most men do love,
My health and my liberty;
But like the mist that wafts above,
'T has vanish'd far from me,
I once had a friend that would me lend,
But now he is dead also;
Then fare you well, since I must dwell,
And live in 'the lands below.'

I once was gay, midst toil and play,
When youthful pleasures flew;
Through roving time I strolled away
Till it pass'd from my view;
So now I'll weep in silent sleep,
Since Fate has proved my foe;
I soon shall trudge, without a grudge.
To sleep in 'the lands below.'

WHEN THIS OLD COAT WAS NEW.

Come, Johnny lad, let's cheerful be,
And tune our voices clear and free,
For blithely could I run with thee,
When this old coat was new.

For we were blooming, tight, and fair,
And could have scamper'd here and there;
And blithely we'd attend the Fair,
When this old coat was new.

For many a blithesome day we've had,
And still our merry hearts were glad,
And o'er a drop we ne'er were sad
When this old coat was new.

We could have wrestl'd, fought, and play'd,
And danc'd, while others lowly pray'd;
And kiss'd the cheeks of some dear maid,
When this old coat was new.

Through storms, and winds we could have past,
And faced with pride the bitter blast;
And dearest friends were aye at last,
When this old coat was new.

Like warriors bold we're ne'er afraid,
Of neither 'Pick,' nor Plough, nor Spade;
And could have sweep'd the whistling blade,
When this old coat was new.

We ne'er were fear'd to strain our backs,
Like holy priests, or lowly quacks,
Or search'd in praying *Almanacks*,
When this old coat was new.

We never turn'd our heads to think,
Of brooding sorrows, o'er the brink
Of dark destructions ugly clink,
When this old coat was new.

Our thoughts were love, and honour bold,
And aye disdain'd the heart that's cold,
And lovely blue-eyed-glances told
When this old coat was new.

Though roaring blasts have pierc'd the rocks,
And now the sweeping tempest mocks,
We held our heads like noble cocks,
When this old coat was new.

Then let us turn the bowl and play,
To drive those eery thoughts away,
And drink a health to scenes so gay,
When this old coat was new.

Then, here's a health, my jovial friend,
Let's feast on friendship to the end,
And never o'er our sorrows bend,
While this old coat's in view.

NORTHUMBRIAN LADS.

Come, lads, arise, who love the prize,
'Tis lay all woe aside;
Our hearts to raise, our friends to praise,
We'll cheer the world wide;
With hand in hand, in *motion* stand,
The bowl before us be;
While freedom's draught, with joys are fraught,
Northumbrian lads are we.

We'll raise our song, amidst the throng,
And make our music sing;
We'll taste the bowl "North Britain" sends,
While pleasure's on the wing;
We'll taste the juice, the barley spruce,
While health and such agree;
May peace command our native land,
Northumbrian lads are we.

Let ne'er our hearts go dumb with fear,
Or dangers shake our form;
The proud may weep, the valiant sleep,
When Briton's fear the storm;
Old Britain's name, with noble fame,
Hath made the valiant flee;
While our fair Isle approves the style,
Northumbrian lads are we.

We'll blithely make each hill resound,
Our voices are so clear;
Our "Barley still," good British will,
Be long, long, ever dear;
May friendship tread o'er heel and head,
Long may we live to see;
Quick as the storm, drive on *reform*,—
Northumbrian lads are we.

Long may the brave succession have,
Old England to maintain;
May ne'er a heart that's free to part,
Have reason to complain;
May "England's Queen" with honour reign,
Long may the banner flee;
With hand and heart we'll play our part,
While we Northumbrians be.

AURMEL AND JEAN.

(Tune—"The Gipsy Wanderer.")

When gay spreading summer began for to shine,
And the birds all around for to sing,
Young Aurmel he stray'd from his cottage awhile,
And hoping to favour his Jean with a smile,
And taste the calm breeze of the spring.

Beneath the lime-tree that stands by the shed
Fair Jean was awaiting her dear;
Around all was silent, around all was spread,
With flowers of the fairest—some of a pale red,
That blush'd to see Aurmel appear.

His arm then so gently around her he cast,
Then view'd her awhile as he stood;
"Dear Jean, my relations have forced me at last,
To part now with thee—oh heart-killing blast!
And range through a far foreign wood."

She sunk in his arms, crying, Aurmel! dear Aurmel!
Have pity upon me I pray!
How can I behold thee to bid thee farewell,
Or listen, while hearing that voice sweetly tell,
How long thou must be far away.

"When winter's cold form clads the mountains with sno.
I will sit where my Aurmel hath been;
Beneath this gay tree, no other but thee—
No lands or possessions shall ever entice me
To part from my Aurmel his Jean."

He kiss'd her sweet lip, then lovingly said,
" Farewell to my country and thee,
When I do return I will make thee my bride,
In love, and contentment, I'll lie by thy side,
If thou wilt prove constant to me."

" Till death seize upon me, dear Aurmel," she said,
" Inconstancy never shall be;
With tears I will mourn, beneath this frail shade,
Through heart feeling trouble in tears I will wade,
Far far fra' contentment and thee."

For many a lone winter, and many a long year,
Young Aurmel was heard of no more;
Till rumour did say, and it so did appear,
Through cold and ill-usage he wept for his dear,
And died on some far foreign shore.

Fair Jean heard the story with sadness of heart;
The tears from her eyes they did flow,
" Oh! how can I bear this pain and the smart,
Or how can I think with my Aurmel to part?
When Aurmel hath loved me so!

" Like a wandering shepherdess lost on the plain,
In pusuit of her favourite flock;
I will travel o'er mountains, I'll travel o'er plain;
On the beach I will watch the fleet ships on the main!
I will sleep on the sharp coral rock!

" I will dive through the ocean, I'll soar through the sky,"
While frantickly upwards she gazed;
" For my Aurmel I'd live! for my Aurmel I'd die!
Art thou gone, my dear Aurmel," again she did cry,
As her lily-white hands then she rais'd.

She took a fine horse from her own father's stall,
And fast by the dawn of the day,
She travell'd o'er mountains, till by a fine Hall
She arriv'd as the evening bell 'gan to toll,
And with boldness she ask'd her way.

"Is it far to the beach ? bravest Porter come tell,
I would wish for to know the nigh way."
"It is many long miles to the coast, I know well;
But I hear by the stroke of the evening bell,
It is night, and I'd wish you to stay."

"My stay must be short, noble Porter," she said,
As she threw a piece gold on the grass;
"You must drink to young Aurmel that dwelt in the glade,
But I fear he is gone and so lowly is laid,
In his grave in some Indian pass."

She turned her steed and away then did scour,
And like lightning she pass'd o'er the plain;
Till she came to the edge of a dark dreary moor,
Not a cot to be seen, or a neighbouring door,
Nor a sigh that was heard to complain.

A report struck her ears, and she silently thought,
That some sporter was late at his game;
But she started, and look'd, as a horse gallop'd ou
From a turn of the road, that now winded about
By some furze that were skirting the plain.

She pass'd by a bush, where an old oak tree
By the blast of the tempest was slain;
She pass'd by the furze and a horseman did see,
Lay bleeding and dead, on the cold, cold lea,
And no voice there was heard to complain.

She saw by his locks that so gently were blown
And did curling play o'er his cheek;
She saw by the face that she gazed upon;
It was Aurmel! dear Aurmel!—the blood flowed o
Yet she wish'd to entice him to speak,

She kiss'd his cold cheek that was lovely and pale—
By the murderer's hand he was slain!
She fainted and lay, as the murmuring gale
Went sweeping along with its sad sad tale,
But no more she was heard to complain.

Now the grey grave-stones stand aloof in the yard,
And they're cloth'd in their "Mantle o' Green,"
And the murderer's shriek in the forrest is heard
In the evening blast, from the grey church yard,
Where so cold lies young Aurmel and Jean.

MARY ANN.

The day-star fast is creeping
O'er life, as on we go;
The whispering wind is breathing soft,
To drown our eery woe;
Our dreams are sweet who love to dwell
On love's sweet flowery lawn,
Where I have kiss'd the sparkling lips
Of my sweet Mary Ann.

How smiling, and how pleasant,
Are the dreams that we enjoy!
Transported through all sweetness,
Our follies we destroy;
We view the radiant orbs of night,
In fiction's airy plan;
But life and realty conjoin
With my sweet Mary Ann.

Should beauties in their grandeur
Be deck'd from head to toe,
With gold, and silver lacing,
All flying too and fro';
With diamonds hung around them,
With fingers tall and wan,
In poverty I would prefer
My charming Mary Ann.

How fair then is my Mary,
Oh did you but her see;
She far excels the bonniest flower
That grows upon the lea;

Her dangling tresses hang around,
The sportive air to fan;
How happy if I could unite
With my lov'd Mary Ann.

Shall I expect such sweetness
My darling for to be;
I'd wipe the sorrow from her cheek,
The tear from off her ee;
The streams of love should steadily flow,
Till life grew pale and wan;
Then I would kiss the pale, pale lips,
Of my sweet Mary Ann.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

Tune—The Tyne's Purly Stream.

In calm meditation I sat by the brae,
Where the rosy-bush scented the lawn;
There the blackbird he sung from the sylvan gay tree,
And the sun but departed had gone;
There William and Mary so lovely could toy,
And true-love in their hearts seem'd to vie;
Till the birds ceas'd to play, all was silence and joy,
And with sighs her dear William drew nigh.

"Dear Mary," he sigh'd, "now's the hour that we part,
I must leave those sweet banks for a while;
Will you pledge me your faith; will you give me your heart;
May I hope for such truth in your smile?"
"I will pledge thee my faith, I will give thee my love;
I will walk by the shades of the tree;
In this sylvan retreat I will stray as the dove,
And the birds shall remind me of thee."

To his arms then he press'd—as a twinkling star
From behind a dark cloud did appear;
So hap'ly they sigh'd as all danger was far
From the hearts of those lovers so dear;
But alas to his fate! now the last—a farewell!
All was hope for to meet—now they part;
Once he turn'd, and he look'd, and he saw the sweet dell,
Through the night, the abode of his heart.

Now the time it arriv'd when they lovely should meet,
But alas he was laid in his grave!
And Mary is seen by the wild roses sweet
Lamenting her lover so brave.
Now Mary she sighs by the Tyne's purly stream,
And culls the wild flowers on its shore;
The rosy bush casts its sweet flowers on the green,
But young William is heard of no more.

CARLISLE: PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, BY J. STEEL.